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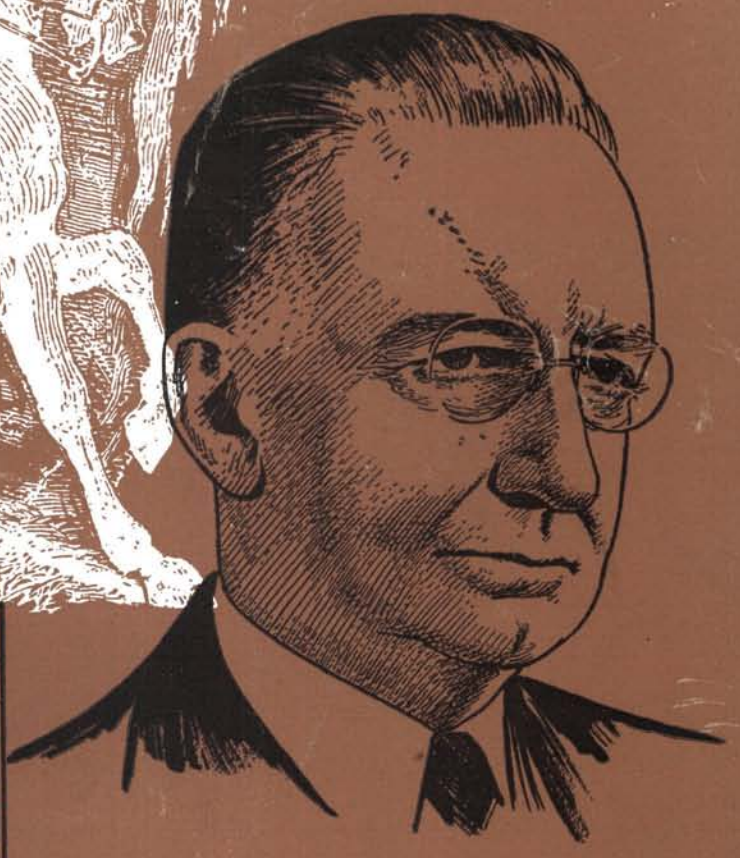

Albert Johannsen, author of "The House of Beadle and Adams and Its Dime and Nickel Novels." (See page 9)

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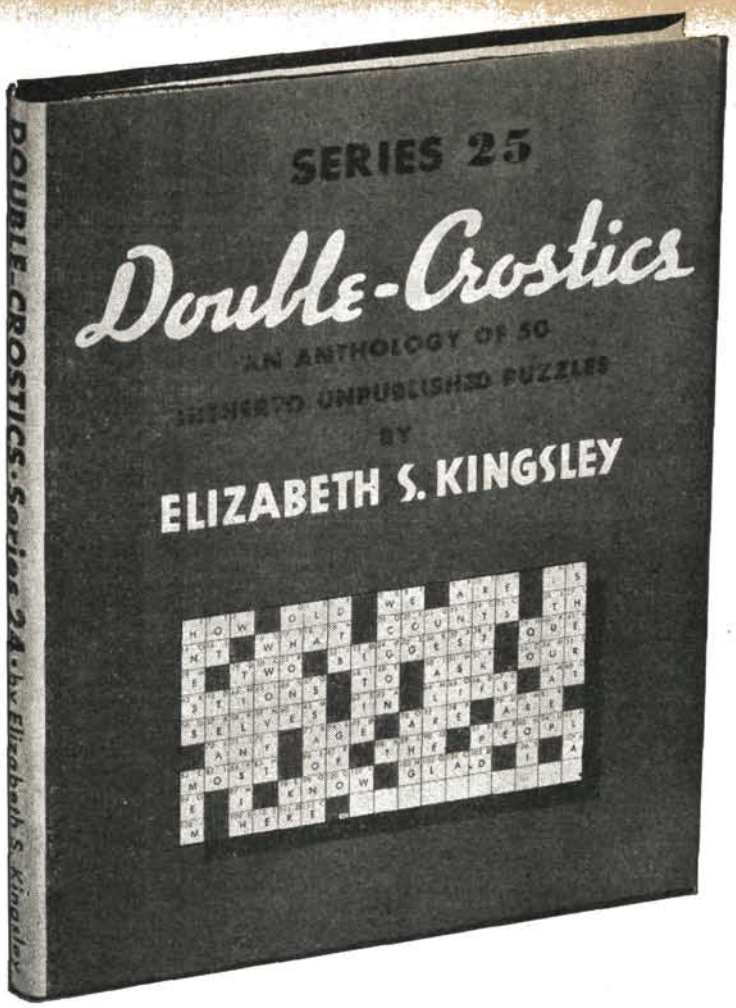

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TRADE Winds

ONE OF OUR most eloquent publishers, who will be disguised in this story under the name of Jones, was panting to move to his Westchester estate for the summer but found his plans stymied by his wife's inability to persuade a suitable butler to expose his precious carcass to the country air for four solid months. "This servant problem is worse than ever," she complained. "Really! You'd think it was the Sahara we were asking them to come to and not just twelve minutes from the White Plains station." "Tommyrot," declared Mr. Jones in his best "Life with Father" manner. "I will meet you at the agency tomorrow morning and show you how quickly the whole thing can be settled with the application of a modicum of common sense."

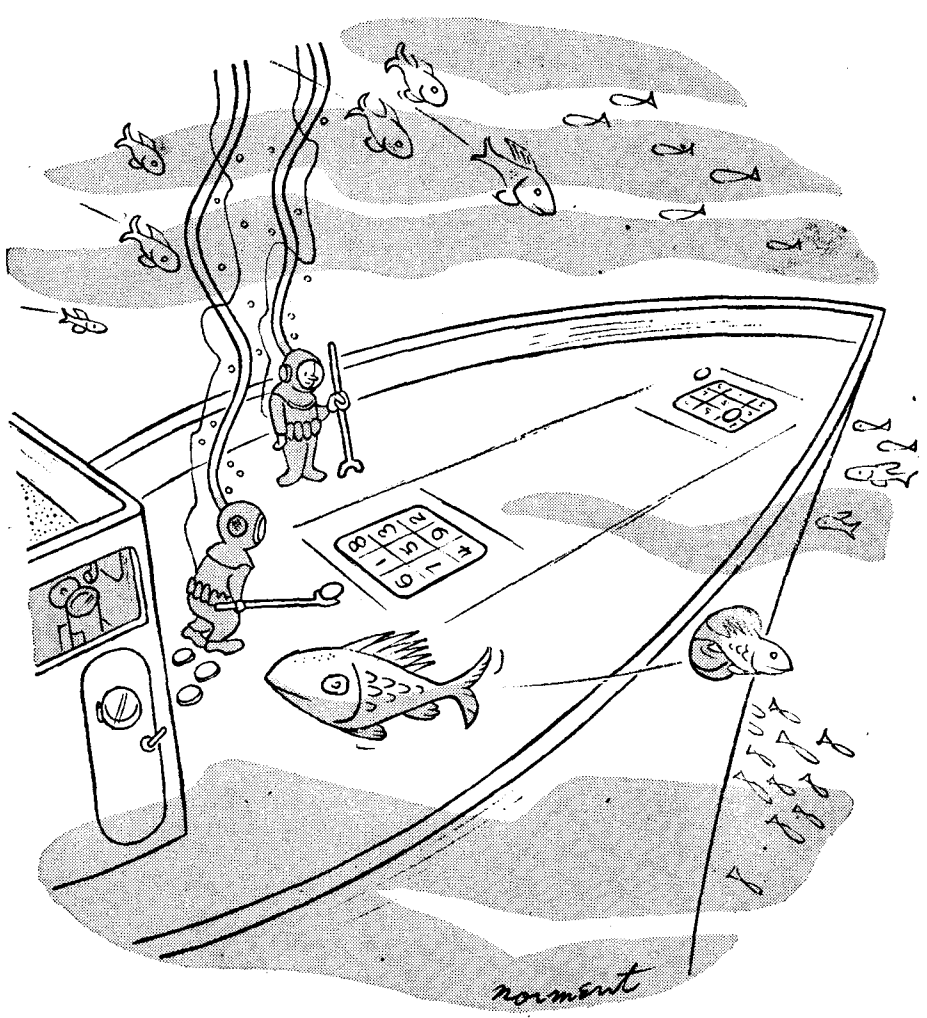
He was a few minutes late the next morning and, failing to note that the agency sported two entrances, one marked "employers," the other "employees," strode imperiously into the latter. "Yes?" said the man who blocked his path, "what are you looking for?" "I am looking for Mrs. Jones," he announced. "She wants a butler." "Indeed she does," agreed the man and propelled him in the direction of his reasonably puzzled wife. "Here, Mrs. Jones," he said, "is a man I know you'll like. I've placed him with some of our best clients and he has never failed to give complete satisfaction."

The Joneses are still in Manhattan. Mrs. Jones is rounding out the staff by herself. . . .

AN ESTABLISHED and prosperous authoress on another publisher's list sought to open an account, with an initial deposit of several thousand dollars, at a Fifth Avenue bank and gave her publisher's name as reference. In due course the publisher received a note from the bank saying, "Will you kindly verify this lady's signature and also tell us what you can about her character and habits?" The publisher replied, "This is indeed Miss So-and-so's authentic signature. And I know nothing in her personal life that should prevent your taking her money from her." . . .

THE ADVENTURES through history of J. Wesley Smith, which have brightened so many pages of *SRL*, will be collected in a book this fall. J. Wesley's creator, Burr Shafer, has inked the contract with Vanguard. . . . The 1950 *New Colophon*, an annual for book collectors, will appear in October in book form only, replacing the former policy of quarterly parts. The price will be $15, with a discount of 10 per cent on orders received by July 15. Consult your local bookseller. . . . Donald Demarest is the new executive editor of Pellegrini & Cudahy and Hilda Livingston, smart as a whip, has replaced him as director of publicity and promotion for the New American Library. . . . Both Fawcett and a wealthy Philadelphia newspaper proprietor are reported flirting with the notion of entering the twenty-five-cent juvenile market. . . . *Quick* magazine is nudging the million mark in circulation, and *Newsweek* is hastening its plans for a new competing biweekly of similar proportions. . . . If any publisher is planning to follow the S. & S. lead of new novels paper bound, at a dollar a throw, he has kept a secret as no secret in book business ever has been kept before. . . . Charlie Molloy has been appointed trade sales manager at Holt's, Archie Ogden is now a key figure in Appleton-Century's editorial set-up, and Stahley Thompson and Ranny Hobbs have been elected to the Board of Directors of Rinehart & Co. . . . A Rolls Royce stopped in front of Frank Weitz's new Eton Bookshop, at 501 Madison, the other evening, and the chauffeur announced rather sheepishly, "My lady wants a couple of new murder stories committed by *nice people*.". . .

ANYBODY WHO OWNS a share of stock or a bond will find plenty to fascinate him in Humphrey Neill's "The Inside Story of the Stock Exchange" (B. C. Forbes, $6.). It portrays the role of the Exchange in the upbuilding of America, the occasional abuse of its facilities by manipulators of "corners" and rigged pools, little-known sidelights on J. P. Morgan, William C. Durant, Jay Cooke, and other titans of "the Street," and the early days of giant corporations whose shares dominate the trading on the big board today. . . . Incidentally, Paul Talbot, of United Business Service, has listed these as the ten most common mistakes of the inexperienced investor: (1) Acting on tips and insider information; (2) over-reaching for in-



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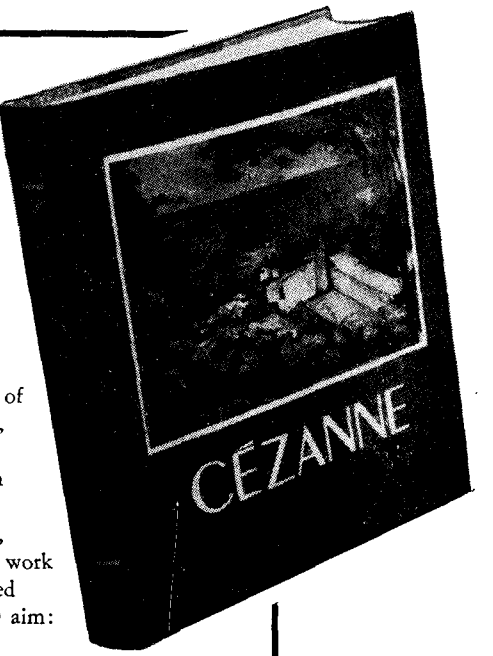

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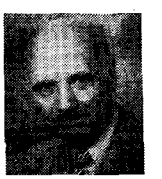

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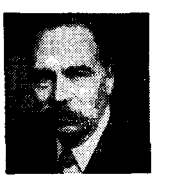

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come; (3) failure to diversify; (4) buying high and selling low; (5) lack of patience; (6) basing entire investment action on "the averages" instead of using a selective approach; (7) playing favorites—falling in love with a stock; (8) overemphasis on speculative stocks; (9) trying to get exact tops and bottoms; (10) refusing to switch when it means a loss. . . .

AN EVER-WELCOME visitor to our town is Joseph Henry Jackson, whose crisp and knowing book reviews now appear daily in the *Los Angeles Times* as well as the *San Francisco Chronicle*. Joe brought with him this time a choice tidbit he overheard in the Mark Hopkins Hotel. Two overstuffed society ladies were listening on the radio to a gubernatorial campaign speech by Jimmy Roosevelt. One of the women snapped off the current angrily and observed, "He'll never get anywhere. He sounds just like his father." . . . Joe Jackson also told about a crusty officer in the Marines who was asked what he thought of Samuel Eliot Morison's "History of U. S. Naval Operations in World War Two." "Hmph," rumbled the Marine brasshat, "a good yachting story." . . .

THERE WAS QUITE a party staged out in San Francisco recently when the flourishing firm of Levi Strauss & Co. celebrated its hundredth anniversary. The city's finest, including the governor, the mayor, and several booksellers, turned out to honor the house that makes "levis," one of the most popular and distinctive forms of dress in all the United States. The first pair of levis was made out of some canvas the founder of the company had intended for wagon or tent covers. He changed his plans when he discovered how desperately the gold miners needed a garment that could withstand the rigors of their daily routine. The first miner who bought a pair of his new overalls went up and down the state proclaiming the wonders of "those pants of Levi's" and the name clung. As for the copper rivets that have been a distinguishing mark of levis to this very day, they were originally demanded by a millionaire prospector named Alkali Ike, who complained that the gold nuggets he invariably carried were ripping his pockets wide open. The rivets made him a contented man—and his companions demanded counterparts. Now, of course, they're little more than decorations.

The company says its levis are so tough one satisfied customer used a pair to tow a truck out of a ditch in Wyoming. Another man broke his leg but wouldn't let the interne who treated him cut off his pants. "Pull 'em off," he commanded, "no matter how much it hurts me. Another pair of levis would be too hard to get."

When Howard Cullman, head of the New York Port Authority, Broadway Angel Number One, manufacturer of Parliament Cigarettes, and, most important of all from a slightly prejudiced standpoint, host for my Fourth-of-July week end, went West last winter, he ordered a pair of levis specially manufactured for himself. It was no usual request but the owners of the business hold Mr. Cullman in high esteem and decided to humor him. "Have your tailor send us your measurements," they instructed him, "and we'll do our best for you." A Fifth Avenue tailor duly noted the most minute details of the Cullman physique and air-mailed them to San Francisco. The foreman of the Levi Strauss plant studied them for a moment, then announced firmly, "There is no such person."

—BENNETT CERF.

New England Churchyard

By Gilbert Maxwell

"WHAT an outrageous conversation here —
and the Puritan dead all listening," she said.
His humorous gaze held warm, as, pausing near
one plot of yellowing grass she gasped and read
the streaked inscription on a weathered stone:
Jennifer, cherished wife of Ephraim Blye,
health to his navel, marrow to his bone,
flesh of his flesh and apple of his eye.
Hotly, he longed to have her then, to claim
that singular sweetness and with words less pure
than those she turned from in sly-smiling shame,
urge her to actual love, thus to assure
her knowing once, while she was straight and slim,
part of what Jennifer felt for Ephraim.

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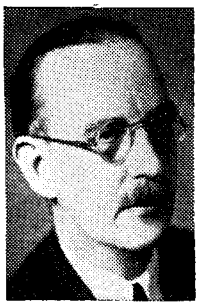
A Kind of Pantheism

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH



Joseph Wood Krutch

STEPHEN Leacock once remarked that our ancestors were too busy clearing forests to find the time to take exercise. In a somewhat similar sense it may be assumed that primitive man was not interested in nature. But it would also appear that he had hardly got himself urbanized before he began, in imagination at least, to return to it.

No doubt there is some truth in the oft-repeated assertions that Petrarch was the first man to climb a mountain for the view, that the dweller in the medieval city obviously preferred what we should call intolerable overcrowding, and that, as Macaulay pointed out, men do not admire wild mountains until danger ceases to press upon them in their daily life. But it is equally true that the legend of a golden age when man lived in harmony with nature seems to be almost as old as civilization itself. Moscus and Bion were already idealizing the shepherd's life. Virgil wrote about the delights of the country, less like a farmer than like some city man who retires to a week-end estate. And in imperial Rome the literary cult of the simple life had reached a point where Juvenal could satirize it in the lines which Dryden magnificently translated:

In Saturn's reign, at Nature's early birth,
There was that thing called chastity on earth;
When in a narrow cave, their common shade,
The sheep, the shepherds, and their gods were laid;
When reeds and leaves, and hides of beasts were spread
By mountain huswives for their homely bed.
And mossy pillow, raised, for the rude husbands' head.
Unlike the niceness of our modern dames,
(Affected nymphs with new affected names:)
The Cynthias and the Lesbias of our years,
Who, for a sparrow's death dissolve in tears.
Those first unpolished matrons, big and bold,
Gave suck to infants of gigantic mold;
Rough as their savage lords who ranged the wood,
And fat with acorns belched their windy food.

Obviously then, much "nature writing" of today springs from impulses almost as old as Western culture. To claim for it absolute originality of either feeling or expression would be foolish. The fact remains, nevertheless, that there is a recognizable genre of belles-lettres whose remoter history seems hardly to go back beyond the end of the seventeenth century and much of that writing does define certain attitudes to some extent novel—in their emphases at least. There is in it some "feeling for nature" which is not quite that of the ancients or that of the romantics.

There is, to be sure, a vast body of scholarly writings devoted to the analysis of what is loosely called "the appreciation of nature" as a literary phenomenon. But such writing concerns itself largely with poetry and other traditional forms of belles-lettres, especially during the romantic revival. It generally pays but scant attention to "nature writing" as an emergent literary form struggling for its own independence.

HISTORIES of English literature frequently mention "The Compleat Angler" and "The Natural History of Selborne" as somehow sufficiently novel in form and spirit to make them almost unique in their time. Similar histories of American literature generally devote considerably more space to Thoreau, in whom they recognize another uniqueness. Sometimes, indeed, they acknowledge him as the immediate begetter of the whole subsequent school. But there does not seem to have been before the present day any group of writers closely comparable to that which includes, for example, William Beebe, Gustav Eckstein, Donald Culross Peattie, Julian Huxley, and scores of others who produce a flood of widely read books neither purely scientific nor easily placeable in any of the tradi-

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tional departments of belles-lettres.

What is new in them is certainly not the impulse to escape the complexities of civilization nor the desire to celebrate the soothing or inspirational effects of natural scenery. Neither is it an interest in natural history as such, for natural history was already a science in Aristotle's time. Yet there is some element of novelty. Either something new has been added, some new point of view introduced, or some new synthesis made. Thoreau was not merely following in the footsteps of Aristotle and Gilbert White any more than he was merely following in those of Wordsworth. And if it is true not only that Thoreau was the most original of the modern nature writers, but also that nearly everyone who has come after has learned something from him, then it ought to be possible to put one's finger upon some aspect of his uniqueness.

Perhaps no man before him had ever taken quite so literally the term "fellow creatures" and perhaps that is one of the most significant things about him. When he spoke of having "a little fishy friend in the pond," when he held interviews with a woodchuck or hoped that one of his games had taught the fox something, he was expressing in his own special humorous way a sense of intimacy and of fellowship to some degree novel. In so far as it was simply an outpouring of love, the banal analogy would be, of course, St. Francis. But there is an intellectual difference which is of some importance. Thoreau could feel as he did, not so much because he was tender toward inferior creatures as because he did not think of them as inferior: because he had none of that sense of superiority or even separateness which is the inevitable result of any philosophy or any religion which attributes to a man a qualitative uniqueness and therefore, inevitably, suggests that all other living things exist for him. St. Francis preached to the birds; many moderns have hoped, on the contrary, that the birds would preach to them.

Many writers later than Thoreau—some of them far more scientific than he in training and temperament—have expressed his attitude in terms less humorous as well as less emotional when they have insisted upon looking at nature from some point of view common to all of its creatures rather than from that of man's own special desires and purposes. And it may be that one distinguishing characteristic of the nature writings of our time, one common to Thoreau and the whole school, is the result of just this sense of oneness, this conviction that we are all, as it were, in the same boat.

It would be absurd, of course, to suggest that no one before Thoreau's time had ever to some extent anticipated this attitude or to some extent given expression to it. A Christian work sometimes attributed to St. Augustine supplied one volume of the austere Cambridge "Natural History" with a very appropriate motto, which may be translated thus:

> He created in heaven the angels and in the earth worms; nor was He superior in the one case or inferior in the other. If no other hands but His could create the angels, neither could any other create the worms.

And it can hardly be said that whoever wrote that sentence failed to share the conviction that the wonder of man is no greater than the wonder of all living things.

But the seed of such an idea does not find its most congenial soil in a mind which continues to insist, as the orthodox Christians did, upon at least some absolute uniqueness in man and refuses to admit that he is really continuous with the rest of nature. Even Thoreau could not have written as he did had he not been the inheritor of the whole intellectual revolution which had been in progress since the Renaissance and which was finally, just after his own time, to convince Westerners that they were the grandsons of the ape at least as truly as they were the sons of God.

Long before the romantic poets had made the appreciation of nature a touchstone of sensibility, the eighteenth-century gentleman of an older school was familiar, at least through his Pope, with the assumption that man's place is *in* nature rather than apart from it. He probably knew by heart many of the crucial passages of the "Essay on Man," in the course of which Pope hammers home in epigrammatic couplets the fundamental premise that the universe is not to be understood unless it can be seen from the point of view of the whole rather than from that of man's own particular needs or desires:

Has God, thou fool! work'd solely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly spreads the flowery lawn.
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?

Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
The bounding steed you pompously bestride
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.

Know Nature's children all divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch warm'd a bear.
While Man exclaims, "See all things for my use!"
"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd goose:
And just as short of Reason he must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

THE feeling of this passage is obviously far closer to that of a paragraph in Thoreau or William Beebe than it is to that of either the Cartesian or the pure laboratory scientist of the early eighteenth century or of any other time. Pope was, of course, merely formulating for his contemporaries something which they were ready to accept and he is quoted here only to illustrate what by his time could be felt. But how had the possibility of such an attitude come about? What had generated this conviction which is at the opposite extreme from any which Cartesianism could have produced? It has been reiterated countless times since by innumerable writers down to those of our own day, many of whom seem to be rediscovering it for themselves. Thus John Muir can devote several pages of "The Story of My Youth" to expounding what is in effect a prose version of Pope's couplets and Ezra Pound can translate the same thought into the idiom of his controversial "Pisan Cantos":

The ant's a centaur in his dragon world.
Pull down they vanity, it is not man
Made courage, or made order, or made grace,
Pull down thy vanity, I say pull down.
Searing the green world what can be thy place
In sealed invention or true artistry,
Pull down they vanity,
Paynim pull down!
The green casque has outdone your elegance.

But there was a time when the attitude really was new.

No doubt Thoreau was less fundamentally original than he himself supposed. In so far as he was original in any absolute sense the originality consisted in the extent to which he succeeded in giving highly personal expression to an attitude which history had made possible. But he is well enough known to be immediately used in raising a central question: by what series of steps had it become possible

(*Continued on page* 30)

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Americana. *Oldsters are apt to grow ecstatic in their nostalgic (if not always accurate) memories of the dime novel, forgetting that their moralistic parents looked upon such trash with as great disfavor (even horror) as they themselves look today with startled scorn upon the so-called comic books. "The House of Beadle and Adams and Its Dime and Nickel Novels" is a full and fascinating account of this "vanished literature," how it came to be written, by whom, and why. Everyone with a taste for the past will relish this antiquarian adventure. . . . Exuberant Stewart Holbrook steams forth with a bright survey of what Yankees did when they left home and makes "The Yankee Exodus" more than a catalogue of names. . . . The Yankees sought new frontiers, the dime-novel heroes shot prairie redskins, and now Morris E. Garnsey, in "America's New Frontier," insists there is still a future for pioneers in "the Mountain West."*

Adventure for the Tenth Part of a Buck

THE HOUSE OF BEADLE AND ADAMS AND ITS DIME AND NICKEL NOVELS: The Story of a Vanished Literature. By Albert Johannsen. Norman, Okla.: University of Oklahoma Press. 2 vols. xxviii + 476 + 444 pp. $20.

By JOHN T. WINTERICH

THE HEYDAY of the dime novel was the last forty years of the nineteenth century. It dominated the popular reading of that era as completely as "The Day of Doom" and "The New England Primer" dominated the colonial. The story of the dime novel, alike as commercial product, social phenomenon, and cultural reagent, is here set forth in lavish and precise detail. Mr. Johannsen, projecting a bibliography when he thrust in his tentative spade, emerged from his research tunnel, seventeen years from the mouth, with an encyclopedia. Here is the history, as full as human aspiration could well ask, of the promoters and of the enterprise, together with a complete roster of publications, a copious biographical dictionary of dime-novel authors, and all the vast appendectual addenda made necessary by the scope and complexity of the magnificent endeavor.

The catalogue of authors alone requires 311 pages, and these are no pocket-size Beadle pages but lusty two-column edifices—approximations of the doughty family Bibles which graced most of the parlor tables of the period. This catalogue is perhaps the most substantial of Mr. Johannsen's multitude of accomplishments. All he had to do was to assemble the life histories of some two or three hundred men and women of whom only a small fraction ever made the standard reference works, or even the substandard. This chore involved him in a series of genealogical explorations as ramified as those incurred by a lawyer running down a battalion of dispersed legatees, with fat fees in prospect that Mr. Johannsen may not hope for. No one is quite so elusive as the obscure author, who is of necessity a spiritual hermit and often by choice a physical hermit as well. Many Beadle authors, moreover, complicated this factor of elusiveness by adopting aliases—sometimes several aliases. At times Mr. Johannsen is completely stumped, and manfully admits it, but oftener he comes through gloriously with the only life histories of his people that have ever seen print.

Most of the regulars among the Beadle authors were semi-pros. George L. Aiken was an actor and playwright—he dramatized "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "The Old Homestead" (the latter was originally a Beadle novel by another hand). Joseph E. Badger, Jr., operated a cigar factory in Kansas, later bought a billiard parlor, and shot himself when uplifters ruined his business. James L. Bowen was newspaperman, temperance lecturer, pension attorney, proofreader on the *Springfield Republican*, and Massachusetts state sealer of weights and measures. English-born Henry Chadwick, sports writer and war correspondent, edited Beadle's "Base-Ball Player" and its successor, Spalding's "Official Baseball Guide," from 1861 to 1908; his gravestone in Brooklyn carries a granite catcher's mask. Jesse C. Cowdrick was a Pennsylvania Railroad telegrapher. Mary Reed Crowell sang in the choir and taught a women's Bible class in the First Baptist Church of Paterson, New Jersey. Frederick Van

THE AUTHOR: As "a modest, unassuming, blue-eyed lad" Albert Johannsen read "a small number" of dime thrillers—100 or 150—but forgot all about them until years later, rummaging in an old scrapbook, he came upon "Eagle Guard; or, The Enchanted Valley." And was it a wonderful story! To the old and odd volumes he had been amassing since 1915 he added all the Beadles he could find: songbooks, dialogues, speakers, novels. Collecting curios goes back to Johannsen's grammar-school days in Iowa, when he began with stamps (now quit in disgust over the excess of commemorative issues). In high school he captured Mark Twain's signature, and thus it was autographs, too—recently expanded to original manuscripts of modern authors, letters of Civil-War officers, and autograph letters of nineteenth-century writers. Right now he is concentrating on letters, portraits, and the like to "extra-illustrate" the next Beadle work. His first first edition was also a Clemens and later, when he had about every Dickens he could buy, he branched out to sub-literature of the early West and books illustrated by "Phiz" (Hablot K. Browne), thereby reaching Lever, Ainsworth, and some less important writers. That's not all. He writes poetry that's been anthologized and was one of the first to microfilm data while researching for the many textbooks he wrote as professor of petrology for twenty-seven years at the University of Chicago. He was originally an architect, in the late Nineties, but work was scarce and he turned to furniture designing and commercial art. Furniture designing also scarce, he joined a U. S. Geological Surveying party one summer, then hurried back to the University of Illinois for his second B.S., this time in general science. In 1903 he got his Ph.D. from Johns Hopkins and immediately took to the rocks in Southwestern Colorado and the Black Hills. Since retiring as professor emeritus from Chicago in 1937 he's just been enjoying himself.—R.G.

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Rensselaer Dey was a law partner of William J. Gaynor, who became mayor of New York—Dey shot himself with the drying-up of the dime-novel market. William R. Eyster, a minister's son, was a professor of Latin and mathematics in Pennsylvania and later bought a newspaper in Kansas. The number of Beadle authors who were lawyers or ministers' sons would be of interest only to the amasser of voluminous statistics—lawyers horn in on everything. It is noteworthy that many Beadle authors had strong antiquarian bents: several prepared accounts of the feats of Civil War regiments or histories of their own localities. Aside from the Kansas poolroom proprietor, they were impeccably conventional—even a little stuffy. They wrote dime novels apparently for escapism and pin-money.

The novels themselves, by and large, were as thoroughly respectable as their creators. The stories were largely devoid of sex; for one thing, they moved too fast for it. A Beadle hero virtually never slept, even alone. At the end of every story, of course, right was winner and still champion, and courage was holding aloft his hand. Virtue and valor—they made an unbeatable combination. Radio, television, and the movies find that they still pay off.

As English composition the quality of this vast output did not vary much. For the most part it reflected the prose style of the period; it could hardly have done otherwise. It was frequently stilted and polysyllabic but so was James Fenimore Cooper; if the Beadle authors had a tutelary deity it was Cooper. They were given to ripe clichés, particularly adjectival; events were singular, foliage dense, revels mad, savor exquisite, awe superstitious, disappearances mysterious. When they meant "soon" they usually said "ere long," but it was an "ere long" era. Beadle authors may have posed occasionally but they probably did not know they were at it. For the most part, they were clear and understandable. They were never dull and rarely circumlocutory unless they had to be: "Daring Dick gave utterance to something which sounded very much like an oath." Well, was it or wasn't it? It was, of course. But Beadle author Arthur L. Meserve, Mason, Odd Fellow, S.A.R., member of the New Hampshire Legislature, county commissioner, and colonel on the staffs of two governors, could hardly have come right out and said, "Daring Dick swore."

Mr. Johannsen presents liberal extracts from the works of many of the Beadle writers—enough of these, and long enough, to make possible a satisfactory study of their methods. Most of them managed dialogue and dialect at least as well as did their more permanent contemporaries, and rather better than some. Characterization was elementary—black and white, no grays. Plotting was intricate but always unraveled neatly at the end. Suspense was superb. There was pace and there was story.

Mr. Johannsen, too, gives splendid value. His thousand pages—and remember those double columns—contain about everything that the social historian, the literary student, the librarian, the collector, the anthropologist, the bibliographer, the nostalgic and the ordinary curious reader could ask for, and all of it is easy to find. The University of Oklahoma Press's admirable investiture reflects the spirit of the text delightfully and effectively. Excellent teamwork has gone into the compiling and fashioning of these two volumes. If there were an annual prize for bibliography (and there ought to be), these comely and brilliant twins should win the 1950 award hands down.

—*New York Public Library Picture Collection.*

". . . they moved too fast for sex."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 845)

M. de ANGELI:
*THE DOOR IN THE WALL**

"Peace is what we all hope for. But we find it seldom. For if 'tis not the Welsh, 'tis the Scots. If 'tis neither one nor the other, then 'tis neighbor against neighbor, or 'tis the lord of the manor against the peasants, begging thy pardon, [young master]."

* A beautiful children's book that was awarded the Newbery Medal for 1949.

Frontiersmen

THE YANKEE EXODUS. By Stewart H. Holbrook. New York: The Macmillan Co. 398 pp. $5.

By BRADFORD SMITH

HERE comes that Holbrook man again, blowing steam fit to burst his boilers and hauling a train of place names and man names so long that you wonder whether he can make the grade.

Mr. Holbrook's Yankees are those who went West. They rebuilt their New England homes and villages in Ohio and Wisconsin. They invented new religions and carried them to Utah and California. They established colleges all the way from Oberlin to Reed and Whitman. They built schools wherever they went and then brought out Yankee schoolma'ams to teach in them. They established the meat-packing industry in Chicago, the farm-implements business in Moline. They made every brand of shooting iron known to the West. They manufactured the stagecoaches and barbed wire that made the Western movie possible.

Always tinkering, Yankees invented the elevator, the platform scale, the sewing machine, and Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. They devised the sumptuous hotel, vaudeville, Prohibition, the mail-order bride. They set up ideal communities like that at Oneida, where love was free but babies eugenic. They contributed to the West such well-known characters as Stephen A. Douglas, Horace Mann, Stephen Austin, and the man who put the Graham into bread and crackers. They also contributed men who should be better known than they are—William S. Ladd of Portland, who made himself a fortune but answered letters on the same sheet he received; Samuel A. Worcester, who devoted his life to the Cherokees in Oklahoma; Rufus Porter, who devised a camera as early as 1820, invented and sold a revolving rifle to Samuel Colt, and established the *Scientific American*.

Lest the East think the West too dependent on New England, it should be remembered that it was a Yankee migrating to Philadelphia who established there one of the earliest circulating libraries, the first police force and fire company in the colonies, a debating club, a philosophical society, a militia force, paved streets, improved street lighting, a postal service—and "Poor Richard's Almanac."

Mr. Holbrook follows his Yankees into practically every Western state. He shows them forming the com-

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panies of emigrants who went forth from the New England hills and then he shows them establishing the orange groves of California, the lumber business of the Northwest, the stores and newspapers and often the very governments of the hitherto unpopulated areas they moved to.

The remarkable thing about all this is that the Yankee exodus does not seem to have involved any great number of people. In proportion to their influence their numbers were inconsiderable.

At times it seems as if Mr. Holbrook has mentioned most of them by name. The reader gets bewildered by the number of them: he gets lost in pages so full of names that the significance of the story is lost. The book drags badly because of them. Perhaps they could have been put at the end of the chapters, where the reader could have been conscious of them without having to read them as part of the text. Incorporated as they are, they defy even Stewart Holbrook's vigorous narrative art.

A tremendous job of research lies behind this volume. As a reference work it is bound to be standard and if you can skip the interminable names of the lesser men you will find, in much fascinating detail, the story of the most important migration in American history. Maybe now that Mr. Holbrook has produced this basic, important documentation he can go on to write half a dozen exciting books about the men and women who turned up in the course of his inquiry.

Cause Célèbre & Cause CP

SCOTTSBORO BOY. By Haywood Patterson and Earl Conrad. New York: Doubleday & Co. 309 pp. $3.

By Hodding Carter

THIS first-person story of the principal defendant in the fateful Scottsboro case is as foul as an untended, suppurating wound. But its sources of infection are not limited to the racial antagonisms and resultant miscarriages of justice that made the "Scottsboro Boys" genuine if sometimes unrecognizably haloed symbols of color-blinded injustice.

A casual reader of Haywood Patterson's shocking tale told in hiding—he escaped from an Alabama penal farm in 1948 and is at liberty somewhere in the North—might find in it only old and familiar indictments, brutally and obscenely related. A closer reader, who compares the narrative with Walter White's chapter in his own autobiography, "A Man Called White," may discover something sinister, of which more later.

To consider the obvious first, no informed and fair-minded person doubts today that nine young Negro hoboes were railroaded in 1931 on patently false charges of raping two young white women tramps on a gondola freight car near Stevenson, Alabama. Like the Haymarket and Sacco-Vanzetti convictions, and others that also disprove the regionalism of bigotry the Scottsboro case cannot be defended. It can be explained only in terms of time and place, folk prejudices and provocations.

It is understandable that a Negro victim of white malice should not try to analyze the whys of his long mistreatment. His story is, on the surface, only an ugly account of unrelieved evils—the evils of wilful wrong, of corroding hates, of the dishonesty and sadism and nauseous perversion to be found in many penal institutions, and the decay of one human being who began life without a chance and who, from his narrative, is seemingly without hope of salvage.

But it is not understandable from the text why Haywood Patterson, whose memory for long-ago incidents even to degraded and inconsequential prison small-talk seems uncanny, should overlook an initial reason for the State of Alabama's adamant demand for an undeserved penalty. Nor is it clearly understandable why this detailed reconstruction of grievous wrong should give favorable mention only to an organization forthrightly described by Walter White as Communist.

Throughout the sordid narrative Patterson credits the International Labor Defense with giving him the only effective help. Never does he even name the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and he makes contemptuous reference to the Scottsboro Defense Committee, which the NAACP later formed. Not even the timetable of events, charted in the appendix, recognizes the NAACP's participation and the battle which it waged to get rid of the Communist interference. Throughout the story only the ILD is the shining champion.

Yet Walter White himself went down to hate-charged Scottsboro as soon as the story became known. The NAACP employed the defendant's first counsel. Clarence Darrow, Arthur Garfield Hays, and an able Alabama lawyer, Roderick Beddow, were also retained.

The Communists effectively sabotaged the NAACP's efforts. Telegrams from the ILD to the trial judge warned that he would be held "personally responsible unless the nine defendants were immediately released." A Communist telegram bombardment opened up from all over the nation and even from Europe. The ILD somehow influenced the nine ignorant defendants to demand by telegram that Clarence Darrow withdraw from the case. Then the Communists persuaded the Scottsboro boys, their

—*Acme Newspictures.*

Samuel Liebowitz, defense attorney, and Haywood Patterson surrounded by the eight other Scottsboro boys—"color-blinded injustice."

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parents, and guardians to choose the ILD for their defense. The NAACP withdrew and the Communists conducted the case in such a manner as to inflame almost every white person in Alabama and thus by design end what was already only a faint hope for justice. Much later, when the Communist strategy became obvious and the boys' hopes dim, the NAACP was asked to reenter the case. It did.

Now certainly Earl Conrad, besides being Patterson's collaborator, had access to these facts. Certainly, if Haywood Patterson's memory is as good as his story indicates, he would recollect the role of the NAACP. The conclusion of deliberate intent to glorify an organization whose probity and motivations are alike highly suspect is inevitable. It is fitting here to quote Walter White, and not the authors of "Scottsboro Boy":

> In the intervening years it had become increasingly clear that the tragedy of a Scottsboro lies, not only in the bitterly cruel injustice which it works upon its immediate victims, but also, and perhaps even more, in the cynical use of human misery by Communists in propagandizing for Communism, and in the complacency with which a democratic government views the basic evils from which such a case arises.

Aside from such indication of ideological infection, there is yet another open sore. It is the racial hate that pervades the book. Undoubtedly, the eighteen years of unjustified, brutalizing imprisonment intensified Patterson's hatred for Southern whites. But it was already there, as was the illiterate young Negro's truculence. Assuming that his anecdotes of outspoken, profane challenges of his white adversaries are true, one wonders that he survived as long as he has. One doubts moreover that, given his background and pugnacious antagonism, he would have escaped a Southern jail for long even had he not been found guilty of an alleged crime that the record disproves. And, most of all, one questions whether Haywood Patterson can ever be made a useful citizen even if the State of Alabama should give him a pardon. I doubt that anyone could recover from the moral degeneracy, the physical debilitation, and the mental warping which this hating, beaten, and vengeful Negro experienced as an incorrigible "Scottsboro boy."

All of which should delight the plotters who made of his defense a sounding board for their own overriding purpose.

Hodding Carter, outstanding Southern liberal editor, wrote the recently published "Southern Legacy."

The West Tomorrow

AMERICA'S NEW FRONTIER: The Mountain West. By Morris E. Garnsey. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 315 pp. $3.50.

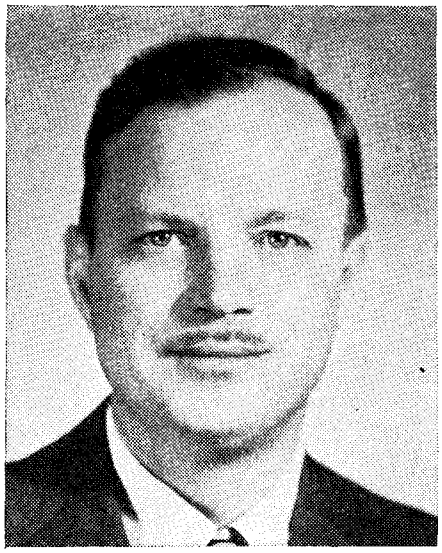
By Dale L. Morgan

HERE is an important and engrossing book, so full of the future yet so stoutly grounded in the present that it has every possibility of becoming a landmark in economic thought about the West and in American political tradition. Everyone who is concerned about the future of the West or, more broadly, about the most urgent social problem of our day, the finding of a satisfactory equilibrium between centralization of power, human liberty, and economic progress, can take fresh courage from this vigorous argument for a vital new regionalism.

It is Dr. Garnsey's thesis that the Mountain West, the tier of states made up of Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Utah, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, and Nevada, is for America today a true frontier. Here as nowhere else we may search out the lineaments of an exciting new future, and that future is already in the making. Economic policies for the West now under debate in Western legislatures and in Congress must affect the prosperity and stability of the entire American economy, and everyone in this country has a personal stake in the outcome.

Considering that the region he is talking about contains a scant 3 per cent of the population of the United States and has long been regarded as a kind of stepchild of the American economy, these are brave words. Dr. Garnsey does not deny that the West has possibilities of stagnation also, that through the improvidence, indifference, and economic illiteracy of its people it may degenerate into a backwoods. But the needs of the nation, to say nothing of those of the region, are such that Dr. Garnsey takes the more hopeful view.

The author calls his book, among other things, "an experiment in the regional approach to economic analysis and policy." It exhibits, also among other things, the profound impact of the TVA experiment on American economic and social thought and is fresh and exciting evidence that of all the events and accomplishments of this century TVA may yet prove to have had the profoundest influence upon the history of mankind. It is what has been accomplished in the Tennessee Valley that makes Dr. Garnsey's book not merely an abstract



Morris E. Garnsey — "a vital new regionalism . . . the lineaments of an exciting new future in the making."

analysis but a realistic program for economic and political action.

Why the West, more than any other section of the country, as America's new frontier? It is the most undeveloped section of the country in relation to the potentialities of its resources, yet those resources are of such character as to prohibit development by private enterprise. Not merely because of high initial capital cost and low rate of return but because of the concomitant expenditures required for social purposes, "big government" alone can develop the West, yet the problems of development are such that they can never be handled at long range from Washington. Both the hope and the impelling necessity of the West are in the administrative device of the regional authority, responsive to the national government yet as intimately responsive to the local community.

Dr. Garnsey argues his case brilliantly, discussing the place of the Mountain West in the American economy and the nation's stake in its agriculture, its minerals, and its hydroelectric potential; the resources of the region and its history as a colonial fief of the industrial East; and those sacred cows, silver, sheep, and sugar. Deploring the betrayal of the Western liberal tradition, the handing over of the championship of Western interests and point of view to pressure groups and blocs, which has been a betrayal not only of the West but of the nation itself, he calls for a rebirth of the Western liberal spirit.

The desire for and need of economic expansion, the question of who shall control the resources and secure the fruits of their exploitation, and the stark necessity for conservation are issues of national import where West-

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ern liberals may expect to find stalwart political allies. Dr. Garnsey does not underestimate the difficulties, the virtual civil war that will have to be fought out with functional interests within the Western community, whose whole concern is the preservation of a profitable status quo. But his is an exalting book in its vision of what can be. It should be widely read. I hope it will be.

Days Down East

MAINE DOINGS. By Robert P. Tristram Coffin. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 226 pp. $3.

By Elizabeth Ogilvie

ONCE more the prolific Robert P. Tristram Coffin has produced a book about his beloved Maine. This time it is a collection of essays and anecdotes which have a good amount of fresh, robust charm. They deal for the most part with personalities and so are in direct contrast to the lyrical descriptions of "Coast Calendar." Of course, all of us are as familiar by now with Dr. Coffin's father—complete with mustaches and tight trousers—as if we had known him in the flesh. But "Maine Doings" contains the patient mother who lived with this overpowering extrovert, kept him in line, and raised ten children. There are many other people in the book as well, figuring in a new batch of stories that make lively reading and contain all the elements of genuine folklore, expressed in Dr. Coffin's vivid, fluent prose.

There is the marvelous tale of the Jenny Lind dollar, proving that it is possible to have your cake and eat it, too. There is a ghost story, along with sea captains' daughters, Apple John, and the Thousand-Mile Duck. And present-day eating habits seem downright namby-pamby after the dissertation on food in "Pig Was Peak" and "Down-East Breakfast."

In "Teddy Roosevelt" there is the miracle of a bald eagle tamed, magnificent even in his captivity, who becomes the fishing companion of two small boys. "Harvest of Diamonds" tells of ice-cutting in the old days with all the vigorous masculine poetry which Dr. Coffin can command. There is a memorable Christmas in "Yuletide on Uncle Thomas"; Uncle Thomas's sloop was frozen into the ice each winter and was looked upon as paradise by assorted nephews if not by their parents. "My Father's Henchmen," delves into the prides and prejudices of the various hired men with

(Continued on page 40)

Fiction. *In these days we have to be satisfied with single-volume excerpts and fragments from the greater writers instead of complete sets familiar to a more fortunate generation. The latest is "The Thomas Mann Reader," admirably edited by Joseph Warner Angell. Here, in over 700 pages, are samples from his greatest novels, four short stories, two novelettes, essays, political writings, etc. . . . We also recommend Samuel Hopkins Adams's "Sunrise to Sunset" for its authentic background of textile mills in upper New York State in 1830 and H. J. Kaplan's "The Plenipotentiaries" as an ironical chronicle of a dubiously innocent American couple in Paris. David Maletz's "Young Hearts" is the first modern Israeli novel to appear in English. Leslie Greener's "No Time to Look Back," a story of a Jap prison camp, is the first from a Tasmanian we have seen.*

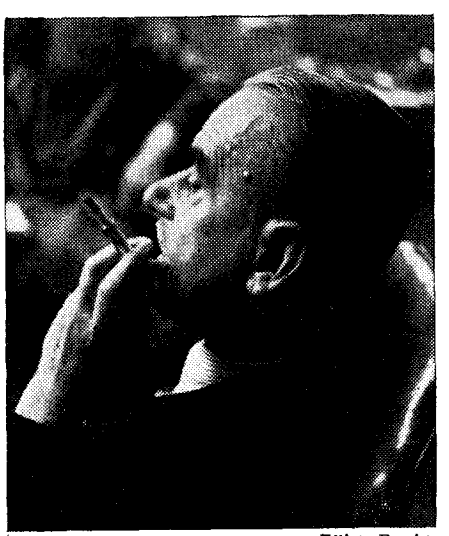
Cross Section of the German Master

THE THOMAS MANN READER. Edited by Joseph Warner Angell. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 754 pp. $5.

By Claude Hill

THE publication of biographical or interpretative studies on the occasion of a great writer's anniversary used to be the rule in times more elegant and considerate than our own. That no book should pay homage to the seventy-fifth birthday of an author who is often referred to as "the greatest living man of letters" is somewhat distressing. In the case of Thomas Mann the absence of initiative on part of our publishers is even more regrettable since no comprehensive biography has ever been offered in the English language. And there is no doubt that so profound, allegoric, and sophisticated a work as that of the German master could stand at least a handful of interpretative guides. It is not without irony, therefore, that the only important Mann publication this year should come from the pen of the celebrator himself. Let us then at least rejoice in "The Thomas Mann Reader," prepared by Joseph Warner Angell. In the words of the editor:

> It amply illustrates, I believe, the quality and scope and character of Thomas Mann's art and thought. And yet it is a book in its own right, it has its own purpose and identity, and is, to the best of my ability, "The Thomas Mann Reader." Some things are not here that I wish were but there had to be limits else there would be no purpose in having a Thomas Mann reader. Nothing is present that its author has not been happy to see in these pages. With two rather slight exceptions, I was given complete liberty of choice and arrangement and in that sense I am wholly responsible for the contents and design of the book.



—*Elliott Erwitt.*

Thomas Mann—"his exquisite humor is largely missing."

Mr. Angell has broken up the wealth of his material into several larger sections, roughly following a method that tries to do justice to both chronological sequence and recognition of Mann's different genres of literary expression. Thus excerpts from the four major novels follow in the order of their origin: "Buddenbrooks," "The Magic Mountain," "Joseph and His Brothers," "Dr. Faustus." Of the shorter fiction we find the two celebrated novellas, "Tonio Kröger" and "Death in Venice," as well as four of the earlier short stories. There is Tonio, the "bourgeois manqué"; there is the breathtaking perfection of "Death in Venice"; there are glimpses of the three leading characters of the Buddenbrook family; there is life's serious but not too brilliant student Hans Castorp, the talkative humanist Settembrini, the lazy,

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sloppy, and yet fascinating Madame Chauchat, and the magnificent Mynheer Peeperkorn; there is the amiable, charming, and egocentric Joseph; there is the Nietzsche-Faustus symbol of our time, Adrian Leverkühn. And there emerges the poet Schiller in a sketch entitled "A Weary Hour," while Goethe's genius is recreated in excerpts from the seventh "tour-de-force" chapter of "The Beloved Returns." From the "Essays" we get glimpses of Wagner, Dostoievsky, Freud, and, indirectly, of Nietzsche. Finally there emerges the political thinker Mann, himself, who was still defending German "kultur" against the "mere rational civilization" of the West as late as 1918 and who, after reluctantly embracing the Weimar Republic, became a true cosmopolitan novelist of European dimensions in the Twenties and later the militant spokesman against the Nazi regime.

There are certain reservations that might be voiced from an esthetic point of view. The uninitiated reader, for instance, could gain a more favorable impression of the short-story writer Mann if he were confronted with some of the more full-blooded and richer tales, such as "The Little Mr. Friedemann" or "Tristan." The gentle irony of "Royal Highness" and "Early Sorrow" are sadly missed. It is to be feared that the scales are too heavily weighted in favor of the ponderous element in Mann's writing, with his exquisite humor largely missing. His unusual skill in handling the lapse of time—one of the marks of the great novelist—is hardly noticeable in the short excerpts. And what powerful creator of unforgettable characters Thomas Mann is can only be hinted. Mr. Angell was undoubtedly aware of the dilemma which a writer of lengthy prose books offers to the editor of an anthology. He chose comprehensiveness of themes and scope of his author's development over the consideration of simple reading pleasure. It is also arguable whether the editor is justified in condensing material to the point that several pages of the original are missing in the middle of a paragraph, with no hint given whatever.

As an introduction to the literary work of Thomas Mann, Mr. Angell's reader is excellent. His short and sober preface ought to be as helpful as are the very competent explanatory notes that link the various selections. It is to be hoped that the book will serve more as an "appetizer" than a substitute for the unabridged novels of one of the most penetrating literary craftsmen of our time, who has built his fiction more exclusively upon the rich heritage of the nineteenth century than any other living writer.

Rise of a Bobbin-doffer

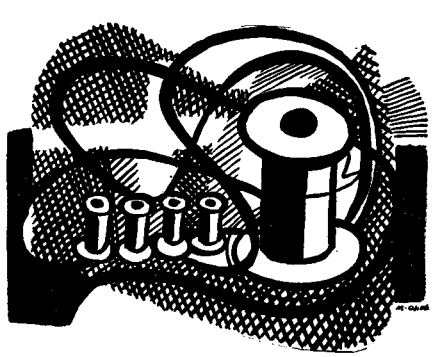
SUNRISE TO SUNSET. By Samuel Hopkins Adams. New York: Random House. 373 pp. $3.

By Roger Burlingame

"SUNRISE to Sunset" is a mystery story in an historical setting. When a book is labeled a "romance" its readers are relieved of any obligation to believe it. But this is such an outrageously implausible yarn that even those addicted to such creation must raise an eyebrow. To me, however, the real mystery about Samuel Hopkins Adams's new novel is that I, a hardboiled reader allergic to mysteries and whodunits, should have been so engrossed by it. Perhaps it was the sequence of powerfully presented scenes—a "hellfire" camp meeting, an attempted lynching, a brawl, a free-for-all fight—that held me, or the amazing raciness of the dialogue, the terrific vernacular vocabulary, the ribald humor of some of the minor characters. In any case it haunts me; I cannot brush it off as, remembering just the bare story, I might.

The setting of "Sunrise to Sunset" is Troy, New York, in the 1830's. Here are the water-powered textile mills from which sprang the celebrated shirt-and-collar industry. This background is probably authentic and the product of much research and the picture of conditions among the fourteen-hour-a-day mill hands—mostly women and children—is grim enough. The serious underlying theme is the struggle of workers to organize and to bring about a twelve-hour day. Yet in this somber milieu the author has constructed his story from the oldest, most naive formula in dime-novel fiction.

At the beginning Mr. Adams seems to be kidding The Factory Girl series, current at the time; then, in his own romance, he goes it one better. As the book opens Obedience ("Becky") Webb, a twelve-year-old waif on a farm, is seen immersed in "The Factory Girl," which presents its heroine marrying the mill owner. Suddenly a man on horseback appears, invites her to come to Troy as a bobbin-doffer. He promises a soft job with quick advancement. Caught in her dream, Becky accepts. She goes to the Eureka Mills owned by the rich, pious, but secretly lustful Gurdon Stockwell, assisted by his gay but honest dilletante cousin, Guy Roy. Becky ends by marrying both of them!



Meanwhile, of course, she suffers torments. Hunger, poverty, exhaustion, cold, occupational disease surround her. Every hope held out by the horseman (who turns out to be the slave-driving, embezzling foreman) goes glimmering. She does, however, get a smile from the handsome Roy and his presence (never wholly accounted for) keeps her going.

We now come to the central conflict, which the author expects us to take seriously despite the incredible diversions. Stockwell is the old-time industrialist who believes the economy of the country will collapse if hours are shortened or humane practices introduced. Roy is the prophet of industrial welfare. A carefree, wealthy youth, he becomes dedicated, at Eureka, to his vision. In the course of the conflict we see labor agitators, "turn-outs," or incipient strikes, and bitter rebellion, often well presented. Roy divorces himself from Eureka, starts his own factory, introduces the ten-hour day and many other reforms, makes money at it, and is almost run out of town by the old Mill-Owners' Association.

In the meantime Stockwell's private lusts, veiled by a church-going rectitude, get him into trouble. One dark, rainy night, in the confusion of a workers' turn-out he catches an adolescent in a doorway, almost rapes her, is interrupted, and escapes without identification. Remorse, engendered by a camp meeting, leads him to confess privately to the evangelist. The minister blackmails him into a pledge to marry the girl. The girl, of course, is Becky.

After the marriage, which produces frigidity in Becky, Stockwell's downfall is brought by another girl, who confuses sexual exaltation with religious ecstasy. Her pregnancy, abortion, and final death are laid at his door. A labor leader gives him an alibi in return for a promise to introduce the twelve-hour day at Eureka and he is acquitted. His eventual convenient if violent death seals Becky's happiness and Roy becomes the hero of industrial reform.

There it is, stripped of its unexplainable charm. If, as I have, you have been puzzled and pleased by other Adams stories, you'd better read it.

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Soul Test

NO TIME TO LOOK BACK. By Leslie Greener. New York: The Viking Press. 281 pp. $3.

By THOMAS SUGRUE

LESLIE GREENER has been a soldier, sailor, and farmer, as well as an artist, teacher, and writer. He was born in Capetown, educated in England, and is now a resident of Tasmania. During the recent war he served with the Australian Army and for a time was a prisoner of the Japanese. His experiences and observations in a prisoner-of-war camp in Malaya form the basis of "No Time to Look Back," a novel which attempts to dramatize and interpret the spiritual as well as the physical agonies of a group of British and Australian soldiers in the hands of their enemies. It is a brave attempt at a serious theme; it fails because the author, in the midst of utter reality, introduces a strong note of unreality; the plot pulls apart and the reader is never quite sure where he is being led or for what purpose.

The name of the camp is Panchor and it apparently is very much like other prison camps in the area; inside the wire the men are largely subject to the authority of their own officers, the Japs being short of men, and except for slim rations, poor quarters, insufficient medical supplies, celibacy, and the danger of being roughed up by the guards, life goes along in a normal routine of work, physical discomfort, and monotony. The men have adjusted themselves to the thin diet, the heat, the bugs, and the lack of recreation and privacy; what bothers them is the memory of what they were before this happened to them and concern for what will become of them when they are freed. Padre Choyce, who is responsible for their morale, realizes that in his own case it is the memory of his wife and his comfortable ecclesiastical post which inserts unhappiness into his days at Panchor. When he finds in the prison hospital a soldier suffering from amnesia who is completely content, the point is brought home to him sharply.

The amnesia victim, whose name is Andros, is at once the key to the story's plot and also the force which breaks it open. No one knows who Andros is—there is no such man missing from any of the units—and Andros remembers nothing but a few scenes, Mediterranean in character, which might be fragments of a dream. He leaves the hospital to join the men and begins talking to them about

a way of life which obviously is based on the fifth chapter of St. Matthew. The men flock to him and some claim that he has performed miracles, healing certain cases of paralysis. Andros is reprimanded by the British commander of the camp, who doesn't want his men "softened"; he is warned against preaching and against interfering with "psychic" cases in the hospital.

From this point on it is obvious that there is similarity between Andros and Jesus; from the bits which Andros remembers, in fact, it might be surmised that Jesus had awakened from his last day in Jerusalem to find himself in the hospital at Panchor. Such a notion gnaws at the imagination of the reader and while the main story proceeds through the eyes and mind of Padre Choyce the figure of Andros interferes by reason of the mystery surrounding it. In the end Andros disappears as casually as he appeared and there is no doubt, then, that he is meant to be a god.

Meanwhile Padre Choyce, a well-formed and completely realized character, has solved his own spiritual problem and helped the men work on theirs. He has come to know the moment for what it is—eternity—and the memories and expectations of pleasure for what they are—the illusion of time. He could well have carried the story without Andros; as it is, with the help of an amusing and sometimes rowdy set of common soldiers, plus an artist and his Chinese sweetheart, he projects the flavor and the searing sorrow of a jungle adventure which no man would choose for himself but which, under the surveillance of the Japs, turned out to be that test of the soul to which everyone, sometime, must submit.

This is Mr. Greener's first appearance in this country as a writer. He has done more than well, and if he missed his main target it is because he was trying to hit two bull's-eyes with one book.

Quadrangle Abroad

THE PLENIPOTENTIARIES. By H. J. Kaplan. New York: Harper & Bros. 242 pp. $3.

By HARRISON SMITH

H. J. KAPLAN, the author of this novel about Americans abroad, is presumably approaching middle age. At least he had made his mark in the *Partisan Review* and the little magazines before the war and now in his first book he reveals a thoroughly mature mind, seasoned by five years of living in Paris. His title reflects the note of irony which he expresses in his novel. His plenipotentiaries are simply the American tourists who, with no portfolio other than that provided by the American Express Company and their letters of credit, swarm into Paris every year by the tens or hundreds of thousands, clad in the garments common to New York or San Francisco, then often appearing on the Left Bank the next morning in slacks and sweatshirts. They are simply travelers who are pathetically eager to soak in the remains of culture of an old continent or they are, less simply, the voyeuses, the sensation seekers, and amorists who know where to find what they are looking for.

The problem for any writer with such a subject in mind is to find out what happens to a few individuals in this horde; what Paris does to them or what effect, if any, they have on Paris. It is a subject that has engaged almost every novelist who has been an exile for any length of time in the City of Light, from Henry James, Fitzgerald, and Ernest Hemingway to the present generation of would-be writers seeking solace or inspiration in that turbulent yet eternal city. Not that there can be any doubt about H. J. Kaplan's gifts for his story is graced with a kind of sardonic humor which he turns on other Parisian exiles and two youthful innocents from the Middle West, who become involved with a French artist and his wife, who are not in any way innocent.

Old Phineas is the narrator, a newspaperman with a taste for literature, philosophic conversation, and the troubles of other people. He has been living in a musty flat in Paris so long that dim legends have collected around him. When young Tony walked with a letter of introduction into his flat, straight out of a Middle Western college town, handsome as a Greek athlete and as grimly determined to be an artist as Van Gogh,

(*Continued on page* 26)

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The World. *In "I Chose Justice" Victor Kravchenko, the ex-Communist official who previously chose freedom and wrote a best seller about his choice, tells his own story of the libel suit, with its attendant trial, which he brought a year ago against a French Communist weekly that had said mean things about his integrity. In spite of Kravchenko's rambunctiousness and his flamboyant style, Martin Ebon, a deep student of world Communism, finds this book to be "a kaleidoscope of human tragedies, pretensions, self-heroics, and just plain melodrama"—which are, undoubtedly, symptoms of our times. Far quieter and, perhaps, more satisfying is Shinso Hanayama's "cleansing and elevating" account of the trials and convictions of the Japanese warlords. Written by the Buddhist priest who accompanied them to the gallows, "The Way of Deliverance," in the words of Pierre van Paassen, looks into and speaks to the heart, while being an amazing study of the Japanese and their religious manifestations.*

The Importance of Being Victor

I CHOSE JUSTICE. By Victor Kravchenko. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 485 *pp.* $3.75.

By MARTIN EBON

VICTOR KRAVCHENKO, who wrote the best seller "I Chose Freedom," is a rumbunctious man. He loves a good fight. Last year in his libel suit against the Communist French literary weekly *Les Lettres Française* he got just that.

This book is an account of the Paris trial, which Kravchenko won. It is also a record of the testimonies delivered by Russian refugees on the accuracy of Kravchenko's "I Chose Freedom."

They testified on forced collectivization, the famine, NKVD espionage, the purges of the 1930's, the Moscow trials, slave labor, and all the other manifestations of Soviet despotism. Kravchenko writes that "hundreds upon hundreds of affidavits and personal histories" choked his mail while he was gathering evidence for the trial. He had to select witnesses to avoid repetition and overlapping. Of the testimonies that were made before the court only a small part is included in this volume; yet all the skill of presentation which has gone into "I Chose Justice" could not completely banish a certain monotony.

Obviously, the Communist Party of France and the Soviet Government, which furnished the anti-Kravchenko witnesses, were in a difficult position. The freedom of a democratic court can be disastrous for Communism when antagonists and protagonists are at liberty to present their cases. We may assume that Mr. Kravchenko, who at times is given to flamboyance, didn't exactly go out of his way to select testimony which at least temporarily dimmed his light. Still, the pro-Soviet witnesses obviously had a difficult time making their testimony credible.

Luckily, Kravchenko has not missed the points of tragic self-delusion which are brought out by some of the witnesses—Communists who, like characters out of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," would disintegrate if their party illusion were suddenly torn away.

So the trial emerges as a kaleidoscope of human tragedies, pretensions, self-heroics, and just plain melodrama. Mr. Kravchenko, as both author and hero of this tale, comes out very well indeed.

And then, tacked on to the whole thing, comes a Chapter XXI, in which Victor Kravchenko takes it upon himself to counsel the United States on its conduct of world affairs. It is here that his admirable awareness of the Soviet danger leads to a manner of presentation that shows a rather limited degree of personal humility.

He castigates the United States as a supporter of reactionaries abroad, of thereby playing into Moscow's hands. He is opinionated and so gets trapped by his own prognoses. "We"—he always refers to the United States as "we"—have "done nothing in Greece to organize a democratic regime." Indeed! And just as the United States has intervened very definitely in creating the left-center regime of General Nicolas Palstiras in Greece.

Or his reference to Indo-China, where he accuses the United States of backing France in "warlike action against native fighters for independence." I submit that Mr. Kravchenko has no exclusive information to show that the Indo-Chinese movement of Ho Chi Minh is more nationalist than Communist. Stating that "a conflict with the Soviet Union is inevitable sooner or later," Kravchenko writes as if American efforts designed to give economic and technical aid to foreign nations were nonexistent.

With apparent inability for dispassionate evaluation, the author goes in for heavy-footed, superficial pamphleteering, which may give him the satisfaction of getting currently fermenting ideas off his chest. But it makes this reviewer wish that the fascinating book on the Paris trial had been just twenty-three pages shorter.

—*AGIP.*

Victor Kravchenko's day in court—"a rather limited degree of personal humility."

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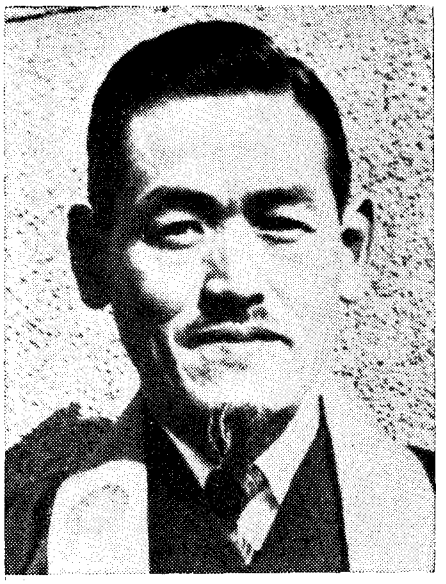

Shinso Hanayama—"a new life in the bosom of Amida-Buddha."

Death in the East

THE WAY OF DELIVERANCE. By Shinso Hanayama. Charles Scribner's Sons. 297 pp. $3.

By Pierre van Paassen

THIS is, so far, the most remarkable book to come out of the torment of the war in the East. Although less artfully conceived and executed, it stands on a par, as far as human interest is concerned, with Barbusse's "Under Fire" and Klatzko's "Men in War." But it has a far deeper, ennobling influence on the reader's mind than these former books, which dealt almost exclusively with the misery and the human degradation of trench warfare, the filth, the fear, the horror of the mass attacks, and the agonizing death between the barbed-wire fences of no man's land.

"The Way of Deliverance" cleanses and elevates the soul with its quiet display of beauty, sincerity, and faith. Somehow or other the impression will not down that we have here something almost as great and simple as the dialogue between Socrates and his friends in the hour when the Athenian awaited the cup of hemlock.

The author, Shinso Hanayama, is the Buddhist priest who attended the Japanese warlords at their trials and in prison and who accompanied them, each in turn, to the foot of the gallows. Although Mr. Hanayama does not say so outright, for he is not out for publicity or sensationalism, his book implies that as a result of his conversations with the condemned generals on the subject of man's destiny in eternity, they felt not the slightest fear at the moment of death nor during the terrible time of suspense awaiting the court's verdict.

There were neither lamentations nor anguish. Not a word of reproach or bitterness for their executioners, for their judges or former enemies passed the lips of these men. There were no shouts of bravado, no last-minute outbursts of vituperation or curses, as there were at Nuremberg. Their minds were illuminated by an inner courage in the certainty of awakening to a new life in the bosom of Amida-Buddha. Everyone of them walked to his doom reciting sacred poetry or sending a last message of love and cheer to his dearest survivors.

Thus died, one remembers, the Emperor Augustus and Cato the Elder, without regrets, without sighs, without hysteria, rancor, or fear. To them death was like the descent of evening at the close of a glorious summer day. One of the Japanese generals, Koki Hirota, though he surely had never heard of him, actually expressed the same sentiments uttered by the great Stoic philosopher of antiquity: that he answered the Grim Reaper's beckoning happily in the knowledge of the continuity of his fatherland and the infinity of his own life through the life of his sons and daughters. Resignation to the will of the gods is apparently not, as is commonly supposed, a characteristically Christian virtue. The serenity and equanimity of these Japanese pagans was of the most edifying character.

Mr. Hanayama himself showed almost incredible pity and compassion for the condemned men. He rendered them whatever services he could. He did his utmost to persuade the American military authorities to permit their wives and children to see them (quite in vain, one is sorry to say). He brought them books and magazines. He carried back to their homes their clipped-off fingernails and their hair, as well as the poems which they composed in their cells. He prayed with them and blessed them. He instructed them in the way of Buddha, in salvation by faith, in forgiveness of sin through contrition and repentance, and in the fundamental happiness of death. Their exquisite politeness at all times and on the most grilling and macabre occasions proves that Lafcadio Hearn in his day did not exaggerate the essential gentleness, piety, and urbanity of the Japanese character.

"The Way of Deliverance," by Shinso Hanayama, is a poignantly sincere and a truly inspiring book. It looks into the human heart and speaks to the human heart. It is a cry from the depths of being where all men are one, where there is no more night and there are no more enemies.

William B. Willcox—"something irrational . . . which marks the Britisher off."

Englishness

STAR OF EMPIRE. By William B. Willcox. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 399 pp. $5.

By Crane Brinton

SINCE in spite of a contrary opinion among the literati the general level of textbook writing in this country is high, a conscientious reviewer often has to remark that a given textbook, though directed at college audiences, ought to interest his old friend the general reader. It is a pleasure to be able to reverse the cliché. "Star of Empire" is an interpretive study of modern Britain, directed at the general reader, which nevertheless is an ideal textbook for a teacher who has got beyond the pathetic notion that a fact is a fact is a fact. Professor Willcox congratulates himself in his preface on his freedom "from the textbook writer's obligation to touch on virtually everything." But, of course, that was no obligation; it was a compulsive vice. Inevitably, Professor Willcox's effort to understand British history and communicate his understanding to the reader produced a better instrument for the teaching of history than he would have achieved had he carefully listed the various borough franchises affected by the Reform Bill of 1832. It is more important to understand that bill as part of what Professor Willcox calls "revolution by consent, 1815-1867" than to know what a potwalloper's right was.

But the potwalloper was something clear, simple, and definite; three lines of Webster's dictionary still put the matter beyond dispute. The revolution, one may argue, was really not quite a

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revolution, and the consent was not only not universal, it was consent to something so great, so venturesome—the leap in the dark, shooting Niagara—that few Englishmen understood what they were consenting to. This uncertainty, this openness and discussibility is, however, exactly what one means by "interpretation." Professor Willcox makes on almost every page some statement about which the sensible reader will want to dispute or which will at least start such a reader on his own train of thought.

On the whole, "Star of Empire" is orthodox interpretation, interpretation so sound—and in the unpatronizing sense we ought to be able to give the word, so typical—as to turn the reader's mind at once to that great English historian of Britain, G. M. Trevelyan. The author of "Clio a Muse" would not only approve Professor Willcox's interpretations of British history; he would also applaud his mastery of the art of written history. For this is not a series of essays and reflections on history, not an attempt to discern sociological laws in history. Somehow Professor Willcox has contrived to have things *happen* in his book; his history is still story.

With the underlying assumption—an unkinder word than interpretation but inevitable here—of this book those less devoted to the English tradition of historical writing may well differ. Professor Willcox will seem to some to have overemphasized the extent to which Englishness—or Britishness—is different from Frenchness—or Europeanness. Naturally enough, he does not belong to the innocent school that regarded the Channel as, at least up to the days of air power, a *cordon sanitaire* against all the spiritual and material evils that lie beyond Calais. He very skilfully narrates England's and Britain's long series of involvements on the Continent. He takes full note of the expansion overseas. Still, he finds a peculiar and not quite definable thing—something irrational but not mad or mystical—which marks the Britisher off. It is surely quite symptomatic that in his new-found freedom from the textbook writer's compulsion to get in all the names and all the isms he has omitted Locke, Bentham, the Mills, and indeed utilitarianism itself. This omission, incidentally, makes the Fabians, whom he does mention, seem a little thin and sudden. But the point is that he has omitted just those English *politiques et moralistes* who come closest to the Franco-American tradition of the Enlightenment. He has omitted the rationalists, the political logicians, the men who don't con-

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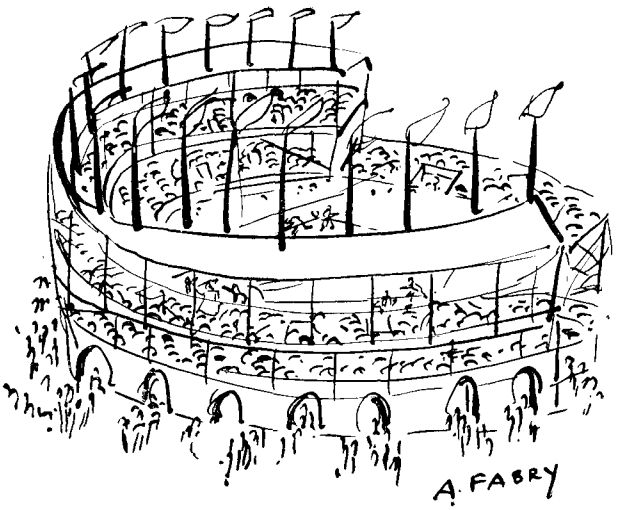

Memories of the Hot-Stove League

JAMES T. FARRELL

THE PUBLISHING business has discovered baseball. With every new publishing season—and especially in the springtime—more books on baseball are to be found on publishers' lists. In fact, a whole library of books on baseball has been published in recent years. Histories of a number of major-league clubs have appeared. There are biographies of outstanding personalities and players of the past and present: among these are books on John McGraw, Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig. Autobiographies by players—possibly or probably ghost-written—have also come out. Other books telling how the game is played are available in a goodly number: one such, "Baseball," signed by Mickey Cochrane, was reviewed by this writer in these pages on May 27, 1939. One of the most interesting of baseball books is "My Greatest Day in Baseball," edited by John Carmichael, sports writer for *The Chicago Daily News*. This volume consists of a series of interviews with many ball players, practically none of whom are now active. These interviews, written up by various sports writers, tell of the days which players have themselves considered to be their greatest on the diamond. The language is that of the players themselves and some of Carmichael's own interviews in this book have the character of art. On my desk, as I write, there is another book on baseball which has just arrived in the mail—"100 Years of Baseball," by Lee Allen. I have not had time to read Lee Allen's book as yet but after glancing through it I regard it as a book which promises to interest me.

Thinking of the plethora of baseball books which are now available, I look back on my own childhood, when there was almost no library of baseball to which the eager boy and the incurable fan could go during the winter months of the hot-stove league. My keen interest in and understanding of baseball dates back to the year 1911, when I was seven years old. My acquisition of baseball lore and traditions goes back even earlier. But I grew up on the oral traditions of baseball. My uncles, my father, my older brother told me of ball players and games and nearly everything that they told me would stick in my mind. It was fairly common at home for me to sit with my two uncles after supper and to listen while they reminisced of games they had seen, of players who had gone down the hill.

AS THEY talked of Wee Willie Keeler, Mike Donlin, Spike Shannon, Dan McGann, Ty Cobb, Tris Speaker, Christy Mathewson, Addie Joss, and others, these players became very real to me. It was as though they were personal friends, intimates of our household. Some—Keeler, Pop Anson, Hugh Duffy, Ty Cobb, Ed Walsh among them—became the Paul Bunyans of my boyhood. Before I ever saw Ty Cobb play I almost believed that I knew him. My uncles never re-

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ferred to him except as Ty. They would talk of how Ty or his slugging teammate—Wahoo Sam Crawford—could hit a fast ball in the dark. And they would speak of Spike Shannon and Mike Donlin of McGraw's Giants as though these men were genial and good-natured roughnecks living just around the corner from Indiana Avenue. I remember many long, slow evenings around the oval dining-room table with the crumpled table cloth, and while my aunt and grandmother were in the kitchen washing the dishes my two uncles would talk of players and games and I would sit listening as though there were no passage of time and as though there were nothing in the world as important as baseball.

BEFORE I learned how to read I would pester any available adult until every word of the baseball news of the daily paper was read to me. And this news would become fixed in my own memory. I knew the names of almost every player in the big leagues before I could so much as read one word. And then, when I was able to read, day after day I would pore over the sports pages of several papers. All winter I would look through the sports pages, seeking news of possible trades or releases of players. The paucity of baseball news in the off-season was but one of the reasons why the winter months seemed to me to be so long.

And then I was seeing games myself. Often when I would go to a game I would hope that this time I would see something happen which would be talked about for years, just as my uncles had talked of games they had seen. When I saw Ed Walsh pitch a no-hit game in 1911 I came home believing that I had watched baseball history in the making. I had a similar conviction when I saw Ping Bodie break up a seventeen-inning game between the White Sox and Detroit, and also when I saw Reb Russell, pitching for the first time in the American League, strike out Joe Jackson and Nap Lajoie. I was, as it were, becoming a carrier of this oral tradition of baseball myself.

There were few baseball books but, other than baseball novels, I did read two. These were "Touching Second," signed by Johnny Evers and Bill Klem, and "Inside Baseball," signed by Christy Mathewson. In those days much was said about scientific or inside baseball. Smart players like Johnny Evers were highly regarded. Alertness, clever playing, trickiness were all seen as great virtues on the diamond. And these books emphasized inside baseball even over technique. I have mentioned Mickey Cochrane's book. This volume might be contrasted with "Touching Second" and "Inside Baseball." The emphasis on the former is more on technique, on small details relating to fundamentals; in the latter books, there is more of an almost mysterious emphasis on the use of one's head, on wits. These two volumes filled out what I had acquired orally, what I had read on the sports pages, and what I had seen at the White Sox and the Cubs baseball parks. It oriented me so that I saw players as heroes. I viewed games as struggles of brains and brawn which were of lasting importance. A home run, a squeeze play, a stolen base could, in my mind, take on the character of an immortal deed. Eddie Collins, Ty Cobb, Stuffy McInnis, Hal Chase, Ray Schalk were greater and more important to me than the President of the United States. In 1914 a victory of the White Sox loomed larger in my mind than the French defeat of the German Army at the Battle of the Marne. And my love of the game was nourished by the oral traditions of baseball, imparted to me principally by my uncles, my father, and my older brother.

A Look at the Diamond Dazzlers

100 YEARS OF BASEBALL. By Lee Allen. New York: Bartholomew House. 334 *pp.* $3.

TIMES AT BAT: A Half Century of Baseball. By Arthur Daley. New York: Random House. 306 *pp.* $2.75.

MY 66 YEARS IN THE BIG LEAGUES. By Connie Mack. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co. 246 *pp.* $2.50.

CONNIE MACK'S BASEBALL BOOK. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 234 *pp.* $2.50.

THE GREAT BASEBALL MANAGERS. By Charles B. Cleveland. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 250 *pp.* $3.

By Robert Cousins

I RECALL a challenge made some seasons ago by Norman Cousins. Reviewing Robert Smith's "Baseball," Mr. Cousins wrote (*SRL* Sept. 13, 1947), "I dare anyone to meet me under the grandstand who says this isn't the best book on baseball ever written."

I beg to differ with Mr. Cousins. If his challenge still stands, I accept. I suggest that Mr. Cousins read Arthur Daley's "Times at Bat." I believe he will agree that *this is the best book on baseball ever written.* And while he's on the subject he would do well to bone up on Connie Mack's "Baseball Book." As good a second baseman as Mr. Cousins is, or used to be, he would be a better one after reading it.

I cherish "Times at Bat" as a manager would cherish a pitching staff comprised of Christy Mathewson, Cy Young, Chief Bender, Walter Johnson, and Joe Page. It has more zip than a Mexican jumping bean full of Leo Durochers.

Mr. Daley, sparkling sports columnist of *The New York Times*, skips back and forth over the years recounting many of the stories that baseball men love to tell. There's a feast of laughs on almost every page. For example:

> Uncle Wilbert Robinson, Brooklyn manager, always has been very fond of little Bobby Herman, the son of his own biggest problem child, Babe Herman. Invariably he had some candy ready for him whenever the boy climbed onto his capacious lap. But once when the Babe was in one of his infrequent batting slumps Robbie was glowering. As the eager boy crawled onto his knee the Dodger manager dumped him unceremoniously onto the floor.
>
> The youngster couldn't understand this unprecedented rude gesture. "What's the matter, Uncle Robbie?" he asked wonderingly.
>
> Uncle Robbie glared at him.
>
> "Why ain't your old man hittin'?" he snapped.

Connie Mack's literary doubleheader is the despair of any reviewer who attempts to capture its spirit or even attempts to keep score. For this young fellow's career falls just nine

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years short of covering the entire history of the game.

In "My 66 Years in Baseball" Mr. Mack writes:

> When I look around me and recall that I was here before most of our modern inventions I begin to feel as old as Methuselah. I was here before the telephone, before electric lights, the talking machine, the typewriter, the automobile. We were just starting to win pennants with our Philadelphia Athletics when the Wright brothers made their first successful flight in an airplane.

The eighty-eight-year-old patriarch sizes up outstanding players, managers, and highlights of the game as they crowd into his memory. He answers questions all fans have been asking. Who will succeed him as manager of the A's when he retires after the 1950 season? Why did he break up his pennant-winning teams? How do the "greats" of yesterday compare with DiMaggio, Williams, Musial? There are enough surprises here to fan the fires of the hot-stove league for sixty-six winters.

In "The Baseball Book" (foreword by Red Smith) Mr. Mack switches from reminiscences for oldtimers to tips for youngsters on how to play the game. Those who think they have the stuff big leaguers are made of couldn't get better counsel on how to climb the baseball ladder. And fathers who have been relegated to the role of carrying junior's bat will find helpful advice on how to swing it.

Unlike Mr. Mack, who has the advantage of recording history he helped make, Lee Allen, sports columnist of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, digs into musty box-scores and other statistics to trace "100 Years of Baseball." He deals, in large, with "grass-roots" events and players who set the stage for the game. Mr. Allen covers the field like Joe DiMaggio, follows through like Ted Williams.

The grandstand manager who thinks he knows everything will discover more fact and legend than he ever dreamt existed. Here is a detailed account of the infamous Chicago White Sox World Series Scandal of 1919, a frank discussion of some curious decisions made by the late Kenesaw Mountain Landis, the best-integrated story of the Leo Durocher-Commissioner Chandler explosion, and what went on behind the scenes during the recent Mexican player raid on the major leagues.

Charles Cleveland, staff writer of the *Chicago Daily News*, takes us into the dugout to meet his selection of "Great Baseball Managers." As we approach the bottom step we gingerly avoid a pair of razor-sharp spikes.

"Sorry," Frankie Frisch sings out. "I thought I heard Dizzy Dean."

Billy Southworth, Eddie Dyer, and Deacon Bill McKechnie take us into their confidence and discuss baseball strategy. As we listen we cannot help casting sidewise glances at Casey Stengel taping Lou Boudreau's ankles.

Mr. Cleveland fills in for those we can't meet—Cap Anson, Ned Hanlon, Frank Selee, and John J. McGraw. Here are stories of the game as it was played in the handle-bar-moustache days. Baseball was really tough. Managers used spittoons instead of platoons. Rock-and-sock-'em was the order of the day.

It is impossible to review in such brief compass other new and worthwhile baseball books which deserve mention. For example, "Ted Williams," by Arthur Sampson (A. S. Barnes & Co. 180 pp. $2.50); "Baseball's Greatest Hitters," by Tom Meany (A. S. Barnes & Co. 278 pp. $3); "Big-Time Baseball," by Harold H. Hart and Ralph Toleris (Hart Publishing Co. 192 pp. $2.95), and "Baseball Personalities," by Jimmy Powers (Rudolph Field. 320 pp. $3).

Have I had my fill of baseball? I'll answer this question when I return from a doubleheader at Yankee Stadium.

From Bat to Rod

OUT OF THE RED. By Red Smith. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 294 pp. $3.

By Hollis Alpert

I FIRST came across Red Smith in the sports pages of *The Philadelphia Record.* Then, when I transferred my residence to New York City, Red moved over to the *New York Herald Tribune.* I doubt, though, if these events have more than a coincidental connection and I only cite them to show that I have been lucky enough to tag along as a faithful reader of Red's for quite a spell. So far as I know, Philadelphia newspapers have never been famed for any particular qualities of zip in their writing and I can still remember my own feeling of wonder when I first began reading Red Smith's column. At that time he was a reporter, too, and it was always a joy to read about a football or baseball game that he covered. "This man doesn't belong here," I said to myself (or something similar, anyway), "but I am grateful, nevertheless, that he is with us."

These days, of course, you can be practically anywhere and still be able to read "Views of Sport," for Smith

—*Illustrations from "Out of the Red."*

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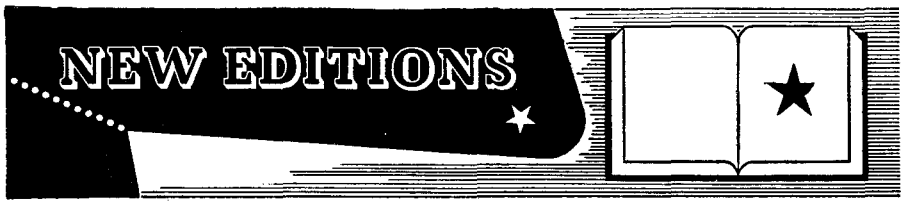
is now syndicated widely and is where he deservedly belongs, at the top of the heap of sports writers. This impression was a general one quite awhile before publication of this first collection of his columns and the only surprise is why wasn't it done before? There is a belief in some quarters that sports writing in our daily newspapers contributes notably to the quality of American letters. I can't fully share this belief. The names are too few and seldom is there the sustained kind of performance which results in a body of sprightly writing. Thus to me Red Smith is a rarity.

The effort has been made, on the other hand, to show him covering almost the entire field of sports—from baseball to the Westminster kennel shows in Madison Square Garden. In 112 of the many hundreds of his columns you will find his views on cockfighting and boxing, on basketball and the mystery of the poisoned chrysanthemums at the Macclesfield (England) flower show. When practically every other sports writer in the country is covering the World Series and pulling out all the clichés Red will manage to find some corner of the event that is all his own and relate it as no one else can: no heroics and a fine eye for the zany.

But whether it's the World Series or the midwinter lull Red has something to say. He can etch a personality with a nice red wine softening the acid and if there's flavor in the man's talk he won't bother to do much but quote. It's all in the selection and editing, I guess, for the result is often over the line of hilarity. It isn't the burlesque that makes you laugh; he's just a man who knows when something is funny. He has prejudices, it seems—detests basketball, for instance, and can't understand how it manages to fill up the Garden. Nor is there a mention of ice-hockey in the book. But he can be moved to some of his most resonant prose by the subject of fishing, even if, in order to cover this sport, his camera eye must focus down on Red Smith himself. So we see him engaged in vicious battle with some lake denizens of the Laurentian Mountains. "There never was such trout fishing," he states. "It is permissible to use a fly rod here but we found the best method was to stand behind a tree with a Louisville Slugger and bludgeon the enemy as they rushed at us."

Willard Mullin has drawn some unerringly apt illustrations for each of the columns, and the nicest thing of all about the book is that it doesn't end. Just pick up the *Herald Tribune* every day (or whichever paper runs him) and there he is, fresh, strangely literate, and funny as ever.



GERSTLE MACK'S "Toulouse-Lautrec" (Knopf, $5), first published in 1938, is a fascinating volume. An excellent biography of the ugly, misshapen painter whom Yvette Guilbert once called "the genius of deformity"—only to have him reply, "But—naturally!"—this book is also a veritable guide to the bars, restaurants, theatres, dance halls, cafe-concerts, sports, circuses, and brothels of Paris at the close of the nineteenth century, when Yvette herself was rising to fame by "making obscenities palatable," when Jean Avril and La Gouloue were queening it on the slopes of Montmartre and a character billed as Le Pétomane was noisily achieving "perhaps the lowest point in all the history of entertainment" at the Moulin Rouge. For Mr. Mack is concerned with the exact origins of Lautrec's paintings, lithographs, and drawings, and in order to expose these sources he has tracked the artist through all the haunts he loved—where, during a period of some fifteen years, he succeeded in destroying himself and at the same time preserved for posterity the likeness of a world. For the facts of his subject's life Mr. Mack has leaned frankly on the biography by Maurice Joyant, written out of full knowledge and true friendship, but he has ranged widely to discover and assemble details of the society in which Lautrec lived. Insisting on the "little monster's" complete artistic detachment, he spikes Huneker's foolish statement that Lautrec loathed his models and was an impassioned crusader against vice. Rigorously excluding from his pages the sensationalism that could so easily dominate an account of Lautrec, Mr. Mack has written with sympathy but with no taint of sentimentality. In brief, this is a thoroughly sound and entertaining piece of work and one that has been handsomely presented by Knopf, with almost sixty well-chosen illustrations.

Another attractive revival from the same source that I am very glad to see is Carl Van Vechten's "The Tiger in the House" (Knopf, $5), apparently reprinted from the plates of the third edition of 1936, the first having appeared sixteen years earlier. Ailurophobes beware! But let others take notice that this is one of the best of the many books, in many languages, that have been written about cats. Love, knowledge, and indefatigable interest went into its making. The well-classified bibliography of cat literature is in itself a remarkable composition. Some chapter headings may serve to suggest the volume's range: "The Cat in Art," "The Cat in Fiction," "The Cat and the Occult," "Ailurophobes and other Cat-Haters," "Literary Men Who Loved Cats." It is quite possible, I think, that this delightful and beautifully illustrated volume may prove the hardiest of all Carl Van Vechten's books; that his lovely tortoise-shell and white-smoke tabby queen, Feathers, may prove a more enduring character than Peter Whiffle, Campaspe, or the Tattooed Countess.

Turning from an amateur to a professional naturalist, here is a new edition of William Beebe's "Edge of the Jungle" (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $3), a collection of essays inspired by the author's work at the Tropical Research Station of the New York Zoological Society, at Kartabo, in the back country of British Guiana. This book is another old friend of mine for I reviewed it in *The Nation* when it was published twenty-eight years ago. And now I find that my opinion of it is still as high as when I wrote: "Apart from all other qualities, 'Edge of the Jungle' is notable for its purely literary excellence." Indeed, I believe that Will Beebe never wrote better than in these pages.

Beebe's books, taken together, tell a story of man's efforts to push forward the frontiers of knowledge on a few fronts. Walter Shepherd's "A New Survey of Science" (Harcourt, Brace, $4.75) gives us a broad view of man's advance on many scientific fronts, from his discovery of fire, possibly 50,000 years ago, down to his latest achievement in more than a score of fields. This is a packed, richly informative volume. . . . "The Science of Chance: From Probability to Statistics" (Rinehart, $3), by Horace C. Levinson, is an authoritative work that will serve both the seeker after pure knowledge and the practical gambler, and put readers on guard against certain statistical fallacies. . . . And science of another kind—pseudo-scientific fiction—may be found in the twenty-three extraordinary yarns that make up "Shot in the Dark" (Bantam, 25¢).

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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More Love, Less Loving

WITH the possible exception of the eighteenth century, no period in history has produced writers who expressed a more profound distrust and disappointment in the progress of the human being than our own generation. There are many reasons why we do not like to see the hairy, reprehensible old man of the tribe under the sleek manners of young men, tailored to mate with and protect the lovely girls of the magazine covers and advertisements. We have tried to break loose from social customs that no longer than fifty years ago concealed what were known as the ugly facts of life; we have dispensed, at least to a great extent, with spiritual consolations, and after two savage wars attended by the customary sexual debauches, or outlets, to use Dr. Kinsey's less alarming word, we are now in a state of mind to give up the human race as hopelessly belligerent and immoral and call it a biological experiment that has failed.

In a recently published novel a philosophic character, with "terrible scorn," exclaims, "What have we made of society? A packet of petty laws, with their ethics buried under regulations. A law that daren't take account of the soul at one end of man and the reproductive organs at the other." Although this would seem to place these once unmentionable parts somewhere around our feet, the meaning is clear enough and points to the central cause of our disgust with homo sapiens in the twentieth century. It is no wonder that two years ago a mighty furor, accompanied by silly jokes and cartoons, arose with the announcement and then the publication of the report of Dr. Kinsey and his associates, the famous "Sexual Behavior in the Human Male." The public's reaction to it might have been expected for it provided one more proof of the mental immaturity of the average American faced with the overabundant sexual gifts with which mankind has been endowed by a Creator more concerned with the continuance of a biological experiment than with its moral development.

We will soon be faced with what is to our time a more significant book: "Sexual Behavior in the Human Female." Even in Victorian days it was taken for granted that proper young men must have their fling, but a nice young woman, never. The extent to which the taboo still applies to the American female can be studied today in most of our popular literature, and no logic or rational criticism has been able to drive it out. Not long ago the principal of a large girls' high school was fired from her job for revealing her presumably alarming statistics on the sexual experiences of her pupils. The future readers of Dr. Kinsey's new book have recently had the unique privilege of knowing in advance some of his discoveries. It is said that his technique in extracting information has improved by his experience with the first volume and that he has had no difficulty in finding twice as many specimens of humanity to interview. In *The New Yorker* Cornelia Otis Skinner writes that Dr. Kinsey, a scholarly gentleman of humor and charm, put her completely at ease and that the interview she had dreaded proved to be as simple as it was fascinating. Whether the magazine article about this book by Morris L. Ernst and David Loth published in *Redbook* last month was designed to soften the blow by damping down its explosive contents, or was simply a new and ingenious method of exploitation, is anyone's guess.

THE fact is that his elaborate statistics on the sexual misbehavior of men have not been as astonishing to observant people of both sexes as they were supposed to be. While nearly all of us are apt to exempt our own families from the misdeeds we are willing and even pleased to grant to the rest of humanity, we have known since we were very young that the attitude of our elders and professional uplifters never made much sense. Whether we like it or not, we are all the sons and daughters of old Adam and, if we have any self-knowledge, we're glad to recognize our kinship with the race of mankind.

It is to be hoped that the "Sexual Behavior in the Human Female" will be received with a good deal less noise and more sobriety than that which followed the first book. Together the human male and the human female make a perfect pair, as we are now allowed to see them, and have a better chance for enduring happiness together than if an admittedly unregenerate husband must always be mated to an angel of virtue.

A great deal of speculation has already been published on Dr. Kinsey's activities. What is the use, people ask, of publishing all these statistics on the periodicity of sexual outlet, on perversion, and the commoner sins of the flesh, which now turn out to be common to both sexes? To any thoughtful person there are many reasonable answers. It may put an end to the worst taboos under which a presumably enlightened generation

Sea Sonnet

By Norma Lay

TELL me today, when all my tides are gone,
when on each desolate shore no waters play
salty with substance, no rock pools contain
sea urchin, starfish, sea anemone—
whisper a dream of wide galactic tides
that sweep this planet sky, this buoy blue-curved
set in a stellar seaway, where it guards
a channel every venturous mind has loved.

Tell me again of those who heard a bell
that eased their darkness, those who listened close,
who found the clear harmonic interval
beyond the bounds of silence, of discourse.
Tell me I say, who contemplate, aghast,
sky bells now silent, and the channel lost.

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still suffers. It may help to make popular romantic fiction more endurable, so someday writers will not be able to report an intelligent husband's thoughts about his wife in this manner: "Mark did not want to quarrel with Julie, who was little and lovely and dear as a basket of puppies." This sentence is taken from the same issue of the magazine that published Messrs. Ernst's and Loth's report on the Kinsey report. Its like can be found in every mass-circulation magazine and it echoes the insufferable attitude of the American male toward his mate. She must be little and therefore defenseless; she must be a darling, who loves him, and she must be as cute and silly as a lot of puppies. When people make modern women the scapegoat of most of our social evils, including divorce, they are apt to blame the wrong sex, for this maudlin expression of affection for the woman a man expects to be his companion for life and the nurse and guide of his children is a sufficient reason for a few million women to take the pilgrimage to Reno. When we are forced to look at women straight in the face as our equals, in virtue and in sin, our relations with each other and our social system will benefit.

Confession is supposedly good for the soul as knowledge is for the mind. Dr. Kinsey's report is a form of public confession of ten thousand or so women. Their willingness to undergo this inquisition into what used to be the most hidden and buried depths of human memory is in itself a revelation that a new day is upon us. In the future, cognizant that we are all sinners, men and women alike, we may be more tolerant of each other, and we may, in some measure, be able to escape from the pervading sense of guilt that is one of the burdens of our generation. There even may be among men and women more love and less loving. —H. S.

Bookmarks

A FLORIDA man recently bequeathed a patch of unimproved land worth $10,000 to the city of St. Petersburg with the stipulations that the city (a) build a library on it, (b) construct a road to the library, (c) appoint the testator's cousin librarian for life, and (d) allow her to name her successor. But who would name the successor's successor? After all, St. Petersburg is a city with a future.

* * *

There has been a lot about libraries in recent fiction, but there has been nothing so warm and touching as John Hersey's account, in "The Wall," of the stealthy looting, by a remnant in the besieged Warsaw ghetto, of the Grosser Library. "The Wall," among its other tremendous virtues, enshrines what is to our mind the most engaging misprint of the year—"pyloric value" for "pyloric valve."

* * *

The insertion of a white line to indicate lapse of time, change of scene, or the introduction of fresh characters in a novel is a legitimate and useful device, but it ceases to be useful when the shift occurs at the bottom of a page and the white line is either omitted or goes unnoticed. Such a mischance throws the reader momentarily out of stride at the bottom of page 141 of A. B. Guthrie's "The Way West." Occasionally in such a contingency a conscientious and painstaking book designer arranges for the insertion of some noticeable but unobtrusive mark —a diamond or a dot—and the reader knows where he is and, more important, has a hint that he is about to go somewhere else. It helps.

* * *

Wanted: A noun to denote the relationship of one father-in-law (or mother-in-law) to his (or her) opposite number.

* * *

Aids to composition: Francis Bacon enjoyed the sound of music from another room when he was deadlining an essay. Dumas did much of his writing in bed. Lafcadio Hearn favored yellow paper. Goldsmith regarded four lines of verse as a good day's work. Pope said the things he had written fastest seemed to please people most. —J. T. W.

Good News

▸ Representatives of forty travel agencies in New York, seeking to end discrimination in resorts and hotels, signed a pledge that they would recommend to clients establishments which do not discriminate and would seek to discourage patronage at resorts which do discriminate.

▸ Veterans and displaced persons in the Punjab have succeeded in turning a vast area of uncultivated land in the Terai region of Uttar Pradesh into farm lands. Out of 160 miles of Terai land overrun with tigers, wild elephants, tall grass, and malaria-carrying mosquitoes, seventy-five miles have been cleared, villages are being electrified, primary schools are being started, and a hospital is being built.

▸ The United States and Yugoslavia have reached an agreement on the problem of "dual nationals." Henceforth, Yugoslavia will issue exit visas to American citizens of Yugoslavian origin who visit the country on U. S. passports. In return, the State Department will no longer stamp passports invalid for travel to Yugoslavia.

▸ Mme. Georges Bidault headed the all-women jury that recently awarded the Grand Prix Féminin du Cinéma to "Louisiana Story" as one of the three best foreign productions of 1949. The other films were "Bicycle Thief" and "Passport to Pimlico."

▸ Federal Housing Administration mortgage insurance will no longer be available on property governed by written covenants restricting ownership or occupancy on the basis or face, color, or creed, according to new Federal regulations.

▸ The sentencing of three white men to the state penitentiary for the slaying of three Negro children at the tenant farmhouse of Thomas Harris in Kosciusko, Miss., on January 2 closed an unusual chapter in the history of crime in Mississippi. Rarely have white men been convicted of the murder of Negroes in this state.

▸ A new French magazine, *Pantheon of the Living*, will award a 50,000-franc ($145) prize every three months for the "noblest deed" that has come to its attention. The first award was recently presented to Mme. Aissa Ichou, widow of an Algerian railroad worker who gave his life to prevent a train wreck.

▸ Current fine films: "The Golden Twenties," "Battleground."

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

For WRB

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Since the death of William Rose Benét on May 4, 1950, many friends of* THE PHOENIX NEST *have sent tributes and sympathy. Below are printed a very few of the letters received. The editors wish to thank everyone who expressed the esteem and affection which WRB inspired.*

SIR: All of us are poor in the loss of William Rose Benét. His integrity and honesty in a world where both are priceless commodities, his unfailing courtesy and generosity to neophyte poets are going to be sorely missed by all readers of *SRL*.

Perhaps such qualities as Mr. Benét possessed will rise Phoenix-like in another gifted man. But for the time being we can only be aware of "a lonesome place against the sky."

DOROTHY W. GOODFELLOW.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

SIR: It is perhaps unconventional to write a letter of condolence to the editors of a magazine but after many years of pouring over *SRL* I feel that the editors are my personal friends.

One might say I was brought up on William Rose Benét for as a child I often heard my mother and grandmother discussing him. Ten years ago as a student at Pomona College I heard him give a lecture on poetry, which he concluded by reading some of his own. I have never heard anything more thrilling than "The Horse Thief." I knew then what Emily Dickinson meant when she said that if something made you feel so cold you thought no fire could ever warm you it was poetry.

He seemed to me an integral part of the type of thinking expressed by *SRL*, intelligently critical, liberal, cultivated, humane.

MARY B. HOLCOMB.

Altadena, Calif.

SIR:

". . . when the poet dies
Mute Nature mourns . . ." Everywhere readers of THE PHOENIX NEST will mourn the passing of their mentor. Who now to delight us with always and forever the right word? And how he could lash out at injustice and hypocrisy!

We are immeasurably rich in the writing he has left. But more than all else he was kind: kind to everyone. In his heart was the law of kindness.

NELL MABEY.

Frontenac, Minn.

SIR: We were deeply shocked and grieved to read of Bill Benét's sudden passing. We send our heartfelt sympathy, knowing what a great loss he is to you.

We were both devoted to Bill, who was certainly one of the most lovable men we have ever had the good fortune to know. We have talked much about him and have just been recalling some wonderful evenings we had with him one summer years ago in Greenwich Village.

There is much sadness in losing another link with the *Evening Post* of the great days; we always felt that Bill was one of the choicest spirits of all the choice ones that inhabited 20 Vesey St. What really wonderful people there were on the paper and what a blessed privilege to have known and worked with them!

NORMA BRICKELL.
HERSCHEL BRICKELL.

Ridgefield, Conn.

SIR: I would like to congratulate you and at the same time thank you for your magnificent transformation of the annual poetry issue into a memorial to Bill Benét. Both in the selection of his poems and in the tributes to him by his friends and associates did you construct a movingly appropriate monument to the man who, as one of you put it, "gilded our air" and who "will live as long as a friend survives him."

I hope, too, that this memorial will be a continuing one. One of our yearly great pleasures was and is this annual poetry survey. Apparently it was largely Bill's work, and its continuance each year, edited as far as possible with Bill's skill and generosity, would be another tribute to one who was not only a great poet himself but who, amid his many activities, found time to encourage all those who, according to their abilities, great or little, labored in the same field.

THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB.

Greenwich, Conn.

SIR: I want to tell you how sorry I am for the loss of William Rose Benét. You will miss him and the whole book world will mourn him.

In my class in folklore at Columbia last night we talked about Stephen Benét's "The Devil and Daniel Webster" and "Daniel Webster and the Sea-serpent." They are to me the really great classical American folktales. It is amazing to have in one family two such gifted men. I only wish they could have lived longer and given us even more.

MARY GOULD DAVIS.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: I'm deeply grateful that the Poetry Issue was a memorial issue to William Rose Benét. Although I had never met him, my personal knowledge of him goes way back to when he was editor for Payson and Clarke and he accepted my first novel. My admiration for his work and that of the Benét family goes even farther back.

NARD JONES.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Mr. Benét was the kindest person with whom my attempts at writing have brought me in contact. I regret his death not only for myself but for the many other strugglers he must surely have helped.

DOROTHY LODAR.

Philadelphia, Pa.

SIR: The death of William Rose Benét comes to me as one of the greatest shocks of my life. I never had the privilege of meeting him, yet I counted him as a great friend and we exchanged letters over a long period of time. He was never too busy to reply to any question; he deserved the old classification of "gentleman and scholar."

It is impossible for me to express my feelings adequately but I am sure I am only one of many who mourn the passing of a highly gifted man who was not only a brilliant writer but who also had an outstanding capacity for friendship. I'll not be alone

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Monticello is a pretty name, Mr. Jefferson, and no doubt it's well-constructed—but the design! I think you ought to sue the architect."

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in missing him from the *SRL*, and I hope he has found the silver heron.

ALICE B. WILLIAMSON.

Roanoke, Va.

SIR: I know how shattering the loss of William Rose Benét must be to all of you. I have always felt very fortunate to have had the time at Columbia with him, both because of his great help with my poems and because it gave me an opportunity to know him better.

SARA VAN ALSTYNE ALLEN.

Jackson Heights, N. Y.

SIR: I never met William Rose Benét yet I will always remember him as the most human of editors. With all his own activity he found time to answer notes promptly, charmingly. I am sure I am only one of many who felt our world couldn't be utterly lost while so fine an editor kept his imagination, interest, and compassion intact.

ALICE PORTER.

Milwaukee, Wis.

SIR: Despite legendary promise, it may take considerable time before a new Phoenix appears in the fabulous nest.

And where will such expression as Paul Kuestner's "Freedom and Equality" in the May 6 NEST now find an outlet? When will the problems stated so honestly by Mr. Kuestner find an answer? Mr. Benét asked if his readers could supply answers. If anyone can, let him hasten to come forward.

ANGELA KINKEAD.

San Francisco, Calif.

Where Is Your Gun?

SIR: Like most GI's in Japan, I tried to be an ambassador and teacher for democracy. One of my "students" was a young man in his twenties, above average in intelligence and speaking English, though haltingly. During a discussion of American movies he asked me whether it is true that all Americans carry guns!

This impression, of course, came from the preponderance of crime films and Westerns which we export. And if this was the opinion of an educated Japanese, think of the millions, less educated, who do not even question "the facts" which we present to them every day.

The argument that there are some good films is pretty silly. Even if all of these were distributed abroad they would be only a small portion of the total. There is probably no country which devotes so much of its movie production, particularly its exports, to a side of the national life which is *not* typical of the whole. Other countries follow the principle of picturing average people and it is only natural that they should think we do the same.

BOB DOWNER.

Laguna Beach, Calif.

SIR: The controversy touched off by Norman Cousins's editorials on American movies abroad is something that I have been thinking about for the last fifteen years. When I returned home to Shanghai in 1934 after four years of college in the United States I began to realize how different such Americanisms as Hollywood movies

William Rose Benét in his, and *SRL*'s, youth — "the most human of editors."

appear through non-American eyes. I was much heartened to find that someone in the public eye had begun to see the light, too.

While Eric Johnston may have talked to many dignitaries on the subject, I wonder if he has asked any foreign students recently come here what kind of ideas about the United States they had before they came. Reading "China: Twilight or Dawn?" I found the following which I thought apropos: " 'Some of your American motion pictures,' one Chinese friend wrote me recently, 'undo the good that many missionaries accomplish.' "

Here's hoping that some kind of improvement in movies may emerge from all this.

ALICE E. RASPA.

Villanova, Pa.

Nominations

SIR: In an age where in some parts of the world the individual is a serial number and his personality a white sheet in a file, homage should be paid to those artists whose works radiate respect and love for human beings.

Specifically, I refer to John Hersey, whose book "The Wall" is written with deep compassion and understanding. It seems the first great book to crystallize the real horror of World War II—a war against helpless, innocent people. And yet the book would not have impressed me so much if I had not found the same qualities in "A Bell for Adano" and "Hiroshima." "The Wall" confirms the rare humanity of the author.

I believe that there could be no better choice for the Nobel Prize in literature than John Hersey, whose writings are not only distinguished artistically but are a monument to human benevolence and universal brotherhood.

ROSE W. KAPLAN.

Philadelphia, Pa.

SIR: While your readers are considering the titles of books that have deserved a wider reading than they received, I nominate as the most unjustly neglected American novel of the past five years Fielding Burke's "Sons of the Stranger" (Longmans, 1947).

GRANT C. KNIGHT.

Lexington, Ky.

Ado About Happiness

SIR: I see that Dr. Fredric Wertham's review of "The Art of Real Happiness" [*SRL* Apr. 22] drew four letters to the editor, all of them stoutly defending the Peale-Blanton opus.

I think Dr. Wertham's reviews of pseudo-psychological books and his article on the same topic some months ago are among the most valuable and unusual features of *SRL*. Books of this kind, although read by millions, are too often ignored by critics competent to judge them.

You and Dr. Wertham are performing a public service with these reviews. Let us have more of them.

RUDOLF FLESCH.

Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.

SIR: May I make a brief reply to Dr. Karl Menninger's letter criticizing my review of "The Art of Real Happiness":

Tempest in Topeka

How should I feel
With a letter so snappy?
Having read Dr. Peale,
Of course, "really happy"!

FREDRIC WERTHAM.

New York, N. Y.

Pensions

SIR: May I correct one slip in Professor Ayres's review of my book, "The Economic Role of the State" [*SRL* May 6]. The review represents me as arguing that "noncontributory pensions are wrong." I actually present and quote both sides of the issue in order, as I say, "to show that the issue is arguable" by persons of ordinary intelligence and moral sense. Personally, I am strongly in favor of noncontributory pensions.

WILLIAM A. ORTON.

Northampton, Mass.

Another Hell

SIR: In "My Conception of Hell" [*SRL* Apr. 22] Gian-Carlo Menotti gave voice to that still cry which has echoed through many a bedeviled brain, and I thank you for presenting this sensitive conception.

Menotti, however, a young man gifted with blessed genius, cannot conceive of the Hell from which I cry: one for those souls to whom fate has given talent but denied the catalytic agent—genius. Words loved, without the gift of expostulation; the burning songs of those without voice; the pain of color vibrating before the eyes of one who cannot paint; inner music in one who can only weep to hear the harmonies set down by others. Prometheus always bound! Pity us, Gian-Carlo, for each time you create you do find a little surcease. Think then of us whose *Sturm und Drang* never resolves because we are souls damned with talent—talent enough for tears —too little talent for joy. We are lovers without a beloved.

J. MARGETT-DWYER.

San Francisco, Calif.

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FICTION

(*Continued from page 15*)

and when Patricia, his fiancee, followed him, Phineas's curiosity about them filled him with a new interest, which he pursued through the tragicomedy that followed until like all good Americans they started for home and what the reader should presume is a saner life.

Perhaps Tony and Patricia are not technically innocent for, though they had been vaguely determined to marry someday or other, they have been sleeping together in his mother's house since they met in college, and they exhibit some of the mental confusions and complexes fashionable for American youth today. Pat is filled with a kind of revolutionary ardor for a cause which is not exactly Communism but goes by the name of "Libertarianism," a confusing belief in something or other that still has enough vitality to hold Left Bank meetings which usually end in a riot. Tony has come to Paris to study with Paul Tarski, a highly modern artist who is convincingly shown to the reader as a master of his trade when he is painting three green and yellow little girls cavorting through the air or playing a flute. Tarski is living with a wonderfully dissolute woman, and it is this strange couple who take on the young innocents, for Tony becomes Marie's lover and Patricia Tarski's.

There is true pathos in this story of their growing disillusionment as it is revealed through old Phineas's eyes. They have confronted Paris bravely at first, determined to extract something from its ancient beauty and wisdom, and Paris has defeated and corrupted them, as it has always injured the eager youths who come to it without inner strength or knowledge of what they are seeking. These simple Americans whom Phineas excoriates so tenderly, for in a way their youth and beauty have refreshed his blood, are actually too serious, too innocent and naive for Paris. They will forget each other, as the old city has parted other true lovers, and they will have lost forever a virtue that the Western continent has given its sons and daughters, an innocent belief in life as essentially good. This seems to be the moral—a sad moral lesson, indeed—of "The Plenipotentiaries," which is, nevertheless, an amusing and witty book.

Sino-American Tangle

THE EMBROIDERED CITY. By Lewis Gelfan. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 368 pp. $3.

By Margaret Mackay

THE crowded impression of China is tangible as a river mist in this first novel by Lewis Gelfan. The teeming details fill a former China resident with nostalgia, though Mr. Gelfan lived in that ancient country for less than two years, during the early postwar period in which he sets his story.

The first half, while full of rich atmosphere, is diffuse with a slowly moving narrative. The reader longs for some absorbing person or persons with whose lives to identify himself. Until the hero and heroine are at last given leading roles it is a story peopled by minor characters—or possibly, from the author's point of view, many major ones.

Mr. Gelfan's characters are cleverly observed, their parts judiciously balanced. One surmises that he has planned to show a cross-section of persons representative of Sino-American *rapprochement* in postwar China. He has apparently chosen his characters—rather than their choosing him, in that bullying obsession which is part of a novelist's experience. His success has been more intellectual than emotional, though toward the end of the book we do indeed get to know his people intimately and see them clearly.

There is the rough river skipper, Captain Barlow, conveying a shipload of UNRRA flour to the famine-stricken port of Tai-lun. There is Mr. Stegler, the cheap, tactless director who accompanies it. There is his young assistant, Diane Hadley—pretty, kind-hearted, naive, and virtuous. There is Peter Corey, the vice-consul—satirical, outwardly detached, inwardly sympathetic, who is on a secret mission against the Communist forces. There are the two coarse officers at a nearby air-base. These are the Americans.

There are also many Chinese characters—realistically drawn, though the innumerable fine lines become overwhelming. We are introduced to the powerful, sinister banker, Sun. And the weak mayor, Wai. And General Feng, the treacherous opium-smoker—who, like Wai, is a tool in the schemes of Sun to get rid of the foreigners. Then there is the gallant but tarnished Doctor Tang, educated in America, and his bitter Eurasian daughter, Mary, a fanatic Communist whom Peter Corey offends by brushing off her advances. We meet the faithful, pock-marked Consulate messenger and two tragic Chinese children.

The story gains in pace and depth in the stark second half. We are shown the intrigues of the Chinese, the well-meaning but disastrous blunders of the foreigners (a point admirably made); the vengeance of the Eurasian girl, and the frail, belated love story of Peter and Diane.

Certainly "The Embroidered City" is a painstaking book. It is refreshing to find a first novel not blurred by self-conscious impressionism and cloudy passages of "style." A writer is brave to be so ambitious in his first attempt and Mr. Gelfan has doubtless learned much from experimenting with so many figures upon one stage. We shall wish him luck in concentrating his strong pictorial powers with greater emphasis and direction.

Unprovided Death

THE ENCOUNTER. By Crawford Power. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 310 pp. $3.

By Kathleen Sproul

OPENING any new book is like walking into a house whose façade can tell you little of the dimensions and conditions to be found within. When the name on the doorplate is quite unknown one may stand a doubtful few seconds in the anteroom.

But if then the new house is discovered to stretch limitlessly, with corridors and vistas everywhere, there are few greater excitements. If some of the vistas blur it does not matter; you still know that here is an inspired builder whose imagination rejected limitations, who could bring a world inside his house and still not burst its seams.

Crawford Power has just provided such an experience with "The Encounter," which seems to be his first published work. He has been a practising architect; it is not rash to prophesy that as a writer he will raise higher and higher spires.

The story cannot be capsuled in a review, just as one cannot convey the essence of a vivid dream by narrating its action. A dream itself leads Father Cawder, Roman Catholic priest in a Southern town, into a strange relationship with a carnival diver, Dia-

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mond, and his girl, Stella. The intense waking pursuit consequent on this encounter is still like the process of a dream, the censor removed that ordinarily regulates the logic of expedient juxtaposition. The events and the style of their telling are richly enmeshed; they move on together with an urgent power that recalls Francis Thompson's breathless pursuit by the Hound of Heaven.

Father Cawder does flee "down the labyrinthine ways" of his own mind, pursuing and pursued. The flight does not cease until a man dies violently in front of a church, which was not sanctuary enough, and the priest's housekeeper cries, "A sudden and unprovided death in the street! Poor wicked man!" Even so, the pursuit is not ended for Father Cawder, who knows then that "unprovided death" will be the lot of every man if charity does not provide him love.

There are a few complaints to be filed to Mr. Power, but humbly in face of his general excellence. The reader is repeatedly mysteriously barred from some key moments in Father Cawder's thinking. We are plied with intense introspective detail up to these thresholds; then a jump in time prevents us from participating in his next inner step. This loss sometimes threatens understanding of the whole, and it does subtract roundedness from the priest, so that he is often a figure patterned on a tapestry.

And on a tapestry, too, the others weave in and out around him. They all have startling height and width and dark, brooding color, but the depth which would enable them to walk, well muscled, alone, is not quite there. They remain part of a too specified design—green precisely here, black there, brown, just so, yonder—as if the author had forgotten that in life the many catalyses of time and space may alter what we thought static.

There can be no mistake in defining Crawford Power as a writer: an absolute word, meaning one who can and does write, and which needs no embellishing adjective.

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Israeli Co-op

YOUNG HEARTS. By David Maletz. Translated from the Hebrew by Solomon N. Richards. New York: Schocken Books. 237 *pp.* $3.

By Robert Pick

THIS book—the "first genuine modern Israeli novel to be presented in English"—is not a story about Israel. It deals with a feature of Jewish renaissance that antedates Jewish statehood for a great many years, and (if I am informed rightly) is looked upon with no extraordinary favor by the Israeli Government. "Young Hearts" is a novel about one of the agricultural communal settlements in Palestine.

The time—between the two wars—is indicated but vaguely. Unlike the protagonists of Arthur Koestler's "Thieves in the Night" (which has a similar setting), the characters of M. Maletz's novel seem to take no interest whatsoever in politics, Jewish or otherwise. Nor do they engage in discussions of Socialist theories. To them, communism (with a lower-case c) is self-evident. Their world is the community, the *kvutzot*.

It takes precedence over family ties. The crisis in the relationship of Menahem and Hannah, the two young people who have found each other, comes with the birth of their first child. Children are wards of the cooperative in a *kvutzot*; they live in special buildings and visit their parents only for a couple of hours each day. They are, from their first breath, being inured to collective living and to much of what their elders sometimes cannot help feeling as discomforts despite their "great and naive faith in this system which [has] wiped out the differences between rich and poor."

It is significant of the new Jewish spirit that this first novel to reach us from Israel is a book of self-search and merciless self-criticism. The latter's most outspoken mouthpiece—at the same time the novel's most full-blooded figure—is the glamorous "old-timer" and head teamster, Shmuel Grossman.

> We talk about everything [he says to Hannah, whose peace of mind he is to disturb for months] . . . and there isn't a single thing that doesn't come in for "self-expression" . . . We pat ourselves on the back. "Our way of life" is something special; show it off. We are a historic generation. Everything we do and think is historic . . .

That consciousness of their mission is a spur as well as a burden to these pioneers and, coming on top of the great strain the complete lack of privacy imposes on their nerves, it aggravates their tension in times of conflict. In addition to that, they not only have to fight the soil and the Arabs; they also are struggling against childhood reminiscences from across the sea. Some of the most moving passages of M. Maletz's book deal with these dimming memories.

Menahem's father owned a grist mill outside a small Polish town, and the "curious feeling which used to attack [the boy] when watching the men at their slow, dignified labor in the mill—the feeling that the mill belonged by rights to the gentile workers—" stays with Menahem in all the years in which, torn between enthusiasm, ambition, and doubt, he does the work allotted to him in the *kvutzot*, "moving with the . . . sanctified movements of those who till the soil."

"Young Hearts" is far from being a well-constructed piece of fiction. While it ends on a note of unconditioned loyalty to the ideal of collective work and living, the amount of controversy crammed into the story of Menahem and Hannah and their friends is not unlikely to overshadow that closing declaration of love. But M. Maletz's sincerity and his great courage in airing the problems of the communal experiment and clarifying them (which Koestler's novel did not) make up for his shortcomings as a storyteller.

Fiction Notes

BEYOND A REASONABLE DOUBT, by C. W. Grafton. Rinehart. $3. This is the kind of tight-strung yarn that keeps even a book reviewer up. It is in the best vein of the courtroom drama as a specialized branch of the murder and guessing-game industry. In this case, in an unpremeditated act Jess London, a young attorney, kills his sister's husband, Mitchell Sothern, a wealthy and powerful lawyer. The provocation has been carefully set up to be of an extreme order and Mitch certainly deserves killing. Forthwith Jess confesses to Detective Richmond—who doesn't believe him. By the time Richmond is prepared to change his mind and book him, Jess has changed his own mind—again due to a shift in circumstances. The body of the story is a swift, dramatic account of Jess's decision to risk his life on an outright plea of not guilty, and, in the teeth of the weightiest legal advice, to handle his own defense. The complex strands of evidence become a formidable tangle in which to trap him at the least misstep.

And beyond this lies the larger consideration which lends the book its originality and substance. Jess is the protagonist—but should he or should he not go free? There is a serious moral question in Jess's decision to pursue a course of outright per-

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

KUDOS

Fannie Gross, of Asheville, N. C., presents twenty exclamatory phrases in praise of sundry subjects. Can you match them with the famous authors from whose works they are quoted? Allowing five points for each correct tie-up, a score of forty is par, forty-five is very good, and fifty or better is excellent. Answers on page 30.

1.	Brave Americans all!	( ) Lydia M. Child
2.	Fair Harvard!	( ) Christopher Cranch
3.	Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful World!	( ) John Dickinson
4.	Hail, Columbia! happy land!	( ) John Fletcher
5.	Hail, ye indomitable heroes, hail!	( ) Samuel Gilman
6.	Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!	( ) Horace Greeley
7.	Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!	( ) Thomas Hood
8.	Most wondrous book!	( ) Joseph Hopkinson
9.	O bed! O bed! delicious bed!	( ) John Keats
10.	Oh, the gallant fisher's life!	( ) Walter Savage Landor
11.	Oh, the snow, the beautiful snow!	( ) Thomas Lodge
12.	O magic sleep!	( ) Henry W. Longfellow
13.	O light divine!	( ) Thomas Nashe
14.	O Night! most beautiful and rare!	( ) Robert Pollok
15.	O rare Ben Jonson!	( ) Bryan W. Procter
16.	O sweetest melancholy!	( ) William B. Rands
17.	O Union, strong and great!	( ) Thomas Buchanan Read
18.	Spring, the sweet Spring!	( ) Izaak Walton
19.	The blue, the fresh, the ever free!	( ) J. W. Watson
20.	Then hail to the Press! chosen guardian of freedom!	( ) Sir John Young

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jury and gamble for all or nothing. Mr. Grafton has been skilful and subtle, and on its premises I found his ending quite satisfactory, if surprising.

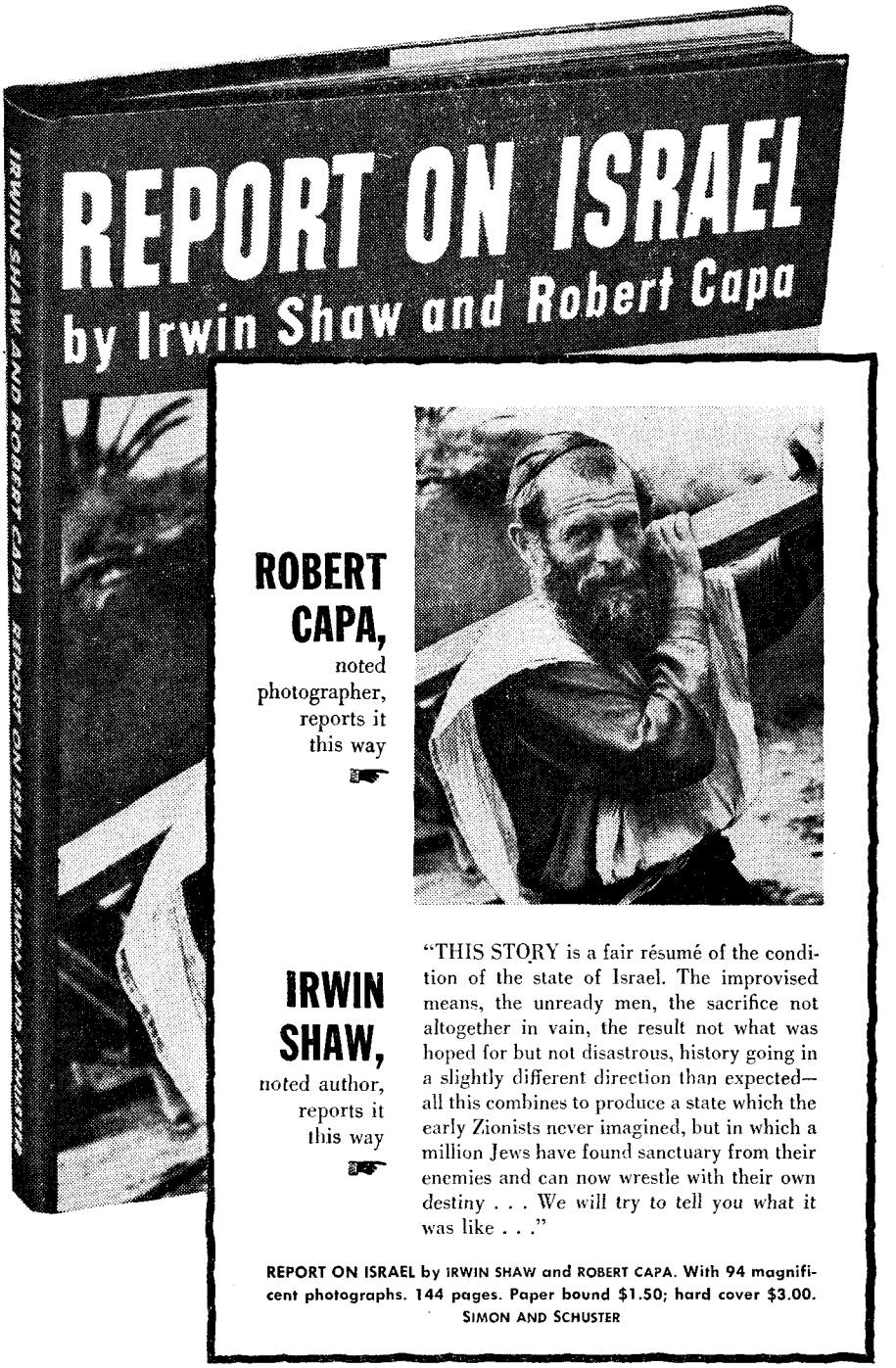
—EDMUND FULLER.

MAGNUS THE MAGNIFICENT, by Leslie Turner White. Crown. $3. This is the story of one of those lusty Elizabethans, the magnificent breed of men to whom the Virgin Queen owed "her existence," according to the author, who continues: "By sheer dauntlessness and seamanship they reclaimed the world from Spain and brought freedom to the seas. To them we owe our heritage." Mr. White tells of the adventure of Magnus Carter with gusto and delight, but the love scenes with the fair Rosalind are as wooden as is possible, just so many printed words on a page. No reader at all sensitive can believe in the reality of this pseudo-passion. Overheated Rosalind mouths such phrases as: "I want you. No, it's stronger than that. It's lust . . ." or "I don't care! I don't care about anything! I tried to do what was right and they wouldn't let me! I'm yours, Magnus, right or wrong!" Her words seem more like those you read on a movie billboard. It is this failure at characterization that makes so many current historical novels neither good as fiction nor accurate as history.

—JOHN COURNOS.

GREAT DAY IN THE MORNING, by Robert Hardy Andrews. Coward-McCann. $3.50. The year is 1858. A man who chooses to call himself Owen Pentecost, but whom most readers should soon be calling Randolph Scott, arrives in Denver, is scorned by a beautiful and mysterious woman, named Anne-Merry Alaine, meets a kindly and worldly-wise priest, plays for high stakes with a sinister, suave, and fat gambler known as Jumbo Means (no relation to Bud Means), and wins Jumbo's gambling joint known as The Circus Tent. Thereafter, because Owen Pentecost is outwardly impervious to women, Boston Grant, the cabaret singer, has to wait till he falls asleep on a desktop; then she undresses him and gets in bed with him. To use the author's own words: "She shuddered, warmed him with her body, waited confidently, and at last was justified." That's all there is —of that sort of business, at least. The reason is that he has fallen in love with Anne-Merry and he has a dreadful and mysterious past which makes it impossible for him to marry her. So he takes his pleasure masochistically through the remaining 300 pages by being aloof toward her and Miss Grant.

Pentecost is also busy shooting peo-



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ple (but always after allowing them to fire at him first), making money by grubstaking prospectors, and caring for the adolescent son of one of the men he has killed. Moreover, he is living at a time when the Abolitionists and Secessionists in Colorado are divided into two armed camps. He really does not give a hoot in hell about the North or the South, even though he is a Georgia gentleman. Yet he is involved, for the only way he can get rid of the lady he loves is to take the side she hates. The last we see of Owen Pentecost, he is a lonely, wounded figure but still upright in the saddle, riding stoically across the plains eastward. Even so, it is a book you will read to the end, if only because you once believed in such melodrama when you were a kid and still secretly love it. Of its kind it is first rate. —WILLIAM E. WILSON.

STILL THE HEART SINGS, by Ronald Kirkbride. Doubleday. $3.50. This is the sixth work of fiction from the pen of Ronald Kirkbride, who is also a poet, playwright, and biographer, and though he has brought to it the talents of a versatile writer it stands clearly as the work of a poet who has borrowed the nonexistent rules of the novel form to express his feelings. It is, therefore, a narrative of pure feeling, an exposition of emotions without sharp definition, lacking the exploratory completeness expected of the novel. Karin, Leda, Zekel, Martha, Flora, and the other characters of the book are symbols of the forces which both plague and enlighten mankind. We see them not as wholly dimensioned beings but as the essence of creatures who are challenged and governed by or in search of truth, wisdom, freedom, knowledge, love, relief from loneliness, and understanding. "Still the Heart Sings" takes us into a very small but nonetheless enchanting world where we may briefly watch the various elemental needs and desires of life in motion.

—JOSEPH M. GRANT.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Dickinson: "The Liberty Song." 2. Gilman: "Ode, Harvard Bicentennial." 3. Rands: "The Wonderful World." 4. Hopkinson: "Hail, Columbia." 5. Landor: "The Crimean Heroes." 6. Lodge: "Rosaline." 7. Child: "Thanksgiving Day." 8. Pollok: "The Course of Time." 9. Hood: "Her Dream." 10. Walton: "The Angler." 11. Watson: "The Beautiful Snow." 12. Keats: "Endymion." 13. Cranch: "Oh Love Supreme." 14. Read: "Night." 15. Young: "Epitaph in Westminster Abbey." 16. Fletcher: "Melancholy." 17. Longfellow: "The Building of the Ship." 18. Nashe: "Spring." 19. Procter: "The Sea." 20. Greeley: "The Press."

A KIND OF PANTHEISM

(*Continued from page* 8)

for a man to write as he wrote and to be read as sympathetically as he has been read? There is involved a question of what he knew, a question of the emotional attitudes he took towards that knowledge, and finally the question of the literary form which he employed in setting all these things forth.

In the light of these questions let us consider him first in contrast to those writers about plants and animals whom he least resembles—namely some popular authors of the Middle Ages. So far as the pure science of natural history was concerned, it had been carried little beyond the point at which Aristotle and Pliny had left it and if even they did not always successfully distinguish between fact and fable their remote followers added many fables but few facts. Nevertheless what interfered most decisively with the development of the feeling for nature as such was less the paucity of facts than the strength of certain theological notions which served to discourage certain kinds of wonder by supplying ready answers to every question concerning the why of the universe outside man. The sun was put in the heavens to give light by day and the moon to give light by night. Sun or moon may also declare the glory of God and so, for that matter, may the lamb. But the most obvious reason for the existence of them all is the meat which the last supplies for man's consumption and the light which the other two supply him to eat it by.

Both histories of science and histories of literature have frequently emphasized the resulting fact that most medieval writing about nature seems to us remote and merely quaint. This is less because of how little, comparatively speaking, its authors knew than because of their attitude toward the nature of evidence on the one hand and toward the purpose of knowledge on the other. The more learned among them might revere Aristotle and later learn something from the Orient. But what at least the general public found most to its taste was contained in the various versions of "Physiologus," the popular compilations of unnatural history drawn from an accumulated stock of misinformation but offering both an abundance of wonders and an almost inexhaustible store of morals to be drawn from them. Such writings seem to us absurd not primarily because their compilers knew so much that was not true and so little that was but because the whole tendency of their thinking was homocentric and teleological.

THEY never for a moment doubted that the right question to ask was the question "what practical use or what moral instruction did God intend to provide for me when He created this creature or that?" And they were so sure of the rightness of the question that once they had heard a satisfactory answer they seldom doubted its correctness or felt the impulse to investigate it. If few ever troubled to see whether or not the toad, "ugly and venomous, bears yet a precious jewel in his head" that was simply because it seemed to them so inherently probable that he did. What reason other than the desire to teach man a useful lesson could God possibly have had for cluttering his beautiful earth with creatures so repulsive?

Here is a bit about the whale, translated from an Anglo-Saxon version of "Physiologus" and therefore one of the very first writings in English about natural history:

> His appearance is like that of a rough boulder so that seamen imagine they are going upon an island, and moor their high-prowed ship with cables to that false land, make fast the ocean courses at the seas' end and boldly climb up on that island; the vessels stand by the beach, enringed by the flood. The wear-hearted sailors then encamp, dreading not of peril. . . . On the island they start a fire, kindle a mounting flame. Now when the cunning plotter feels that the seamen are firmly established upon him, and have settled down to enjoy the weather, the great ocean beast sinks without warning. . . .
>
> Such is the way of demons, the worst of devils; they spend their lives outwitting men by their secret power

Those who read with delight this tale of a whale were obviously not deficient in that sense of wonder which has sometimes been cited as one of the distinguishing characteristics of Thoreau as well as of many subsequent writers. In that respect they were perhaps closer than some later anatomists and taxonomists to the spirit of Thoreau as well as to that of a Julian Huxley or Gustav Eckstein. But they obviously had neither a sense of fact nor, above all, a sense of the wonder of fact, no suspicion that the study of nature might do more than supply confirmation and illustration. The whale is important because he illustrates the ways of demons. The

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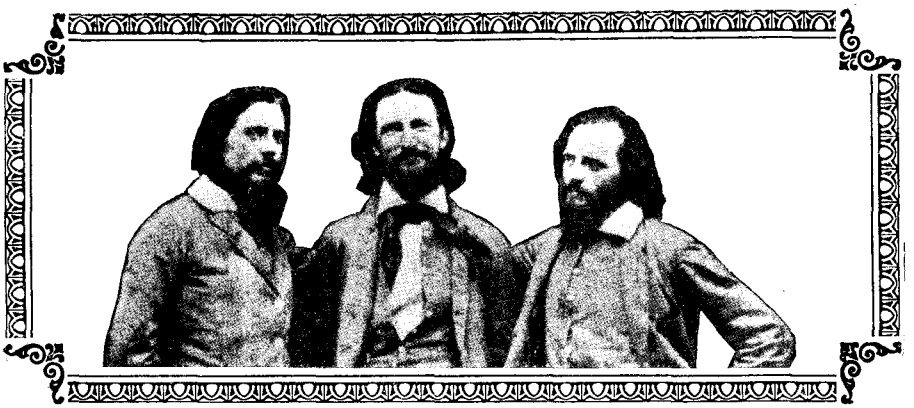
natural world could teach nothing radically new. It was merely a collection of metaphors and fables ingeniously repeating in figurative language the truths already known from authority. On occasion, to be sure, it might propound riddles to tempt the ingenuity of man, as in the case of the toad and his jewel. But the answer, when found, would always be one consonant with what was already known. Nothing really new would ever be discovered. The meaning of the universe, the proper place of man in it, was already known, completely and finally.

This does not mean that the medieval writer had lost the power of observation. It means at most that he had relatively little respect for it, that it seemed to him a crude instrument, and that when he used it he was at best indulging in a mere whim. Consider, for example, the case of Bartholomew Anglecanus, the monk whose encyclopedia "De Proprieteribus Rerum" was compiled in the thirteenth century and translated into wonderful English in the fourteenth. In its own time it was held in the highest respect and today it is regarded as a monument of medieval literature. A great many of its entries are devoted to animals, real or fabulous, concerning which, for the most part, the author recounts what he has read of them in other equally ill-informed books. It tells us, for example, about the crocodile who weeps after he has killed a man and about the elephant who is captured by cutting down the tree against which he has leaned to sleep. But the modern reader who turns his pages may have the good luck to fall upon a few items, one, for instance, on the dog and another on the cat, which leap up from the page because they are so obviously the product of original observation and because the author's real delight in what he has seen for himself still shines through:

> Of the Cat: He is a full lecherous beast in youth, swift, pliant, and merry, and leapeth and rusheth on everything that is to fore him: and is led by a straw, and playeth therewith: and is a right heavy beast in age and full sleepy, and lieth slyly in wait for mice: and is aware where they be more by smell than by sight, and hunteth and rusheth on them in privy places: and when he taketh a mouse, he playeth therewith, and eateth him after the play. In time of love is hard fighting for wives, and one scratcheth and rendeth the other grievously with biting and with claws. And he maketh a ruthful noise and ghastful when one proffereth to fight with another: and unneth is hurt when he is thrown down off an high place. And when he hath a fair skin, he is as it were proud thereof, and goeth



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fast about: and when his skin is burnt, then he bideth at home, and is oft for his fair skin taken of the skinner, and slain and flayed.

Obviously Bartholomew knew cats. He drew of them a generic portrait which in some respects suggests the famous animal portraits of Buffon and in some respects is superior to them. But it is not only knowledge which shines through his lines. Wonder may be largely absent for Bartholomew had, perhaps, no sense that a cat is as wonderful as the dragon—to which he devoted a fuller account—would be if the dragon had ever existed. He is, nevertheless, capable of feeling and capable of communicating an emotion in which Buffon was notably deficient but which every good modern writer about nature must to some extent exhibit—namely, love.

Bartholomew may or may not have "liked cats" in the vulgar meaning of that phrase. He may or he may not have kept pets or fed the birds. But in one of the truest senses of the word he must have loved the cat, since only love could so sharpen the observation, so wing the words which he chose in order to recreate the cat's whole being. For once he was describing something whose most important meaning was itself, which existed and which ought to exist in its own right, which was not useful to man, either directly or as an allegory, but was quite simply its own excuse for being.

From that passage it is hardly a step to the finest of Chaucer's little pictures of barnyard life or of the cat which had to be lifted from the best chair before the monk sat down. Yet in all the "De Proprieteribus Rerum" there are only one or two other examples of anything so genuine or so telling. The man who wrote them might obviously have left an account of the sights and sounds and smells of the medieval

world, the like of which nowhere exists. He might have drawn to the life both the men and the beasts among whom he lived. But no doubt he would have regarded the task as unworthy and perhaps when he permitted himself to describe the dog and the cat he did so with a certain sense of being truant. They lacked dignity; they lacked importance. The dragon and the fabulous whale were far more profitable and instructive.

Obviously Bartholomew is in some sense of the term a "nature writer." The animal kingdom is one of his principal subjects and he writes about it with an enthusiasm which suggests a general interest in that subject itself. He is not incapable of observation and not incapable of love. But observation remains a method only occasionally employed, and love an emotion perhaps hardly recognized for what it is. He differs from the modern nature writer not only because he has fewer facts at his disposal but because he seems less aware of what a fact is or why it is important. He differs also in a perhaps even more significant way because he cannot rationalize or perhaps even respect the love which went out from him toward the dog and the cat. If he had read Thomas Aquinas he was, indeed, probably ready to accept the Thomistic doctrine that although cruelty to animals is a sin it is so, not because it results in pain to the animals (which have no souls), but because it may lead to similar cruelty toward men.

Charles Darwin published "The Origin of Species" in 1859 (some three years before Thoreau's death) and then crossed his t's with "The Descent of Man" twelve years later. This was science's official recognition of the fact that man is literally a part of nature. But there is a sense in which it might be truly said that Darwin's formulation was no more than one way of stating a conviction which had been growing during the two preceding centuries. In all probability his theory would never have occurred to him at all had he not been prepared to believe as a matter of inherent probability that man is merely the most highly organized of the animals. Certainly that theory would not have been so readily accepted if the public had not been similarly prepared. Thus there is a sense in which one may say that Darwinism is the effect rather than the cause of the convictions which it states.

Darwin's grandfather Erasmus Darwin had implied everything except a theory of the mechanism of evolution when he wrote in 1796 that the snout of the pig and the trunk of the elephant had "been gradually produced during the many generations by the perpetual endeavor of the creatures to supply the want of food and have been delivered to their posterity with constant improvement of them for the purposes required." But none of the tentative approaches to a theory of evolution from that of the eccentric Lord Monboddo—who was convinced that sooner or later explorers would discover a missing link in the form of an aborigine with a tail—down through that of Darwin's most important predecessor, Lamarck, is as important as the atmosphere generated by the common-sense conviction that man is a part of nature and by the emotional willingness to accept that fact.

SHORTLY before Thoreau died he heard of "The Origin of Species" and expressed some mild interest in its theories though it is not clear to what extent he really understood them. The matter is, however, of little importance because Thoreau's intuitions had already convinced him of the only fact which he could use in the development of his philosophy—the fact, that is to say, that man is somehow a part of nature and that, therefore, only the emotional as well as the intellectual recognition of that fact can bring him spiritual or mental health. For him the observation of nature and the learning *from* her had become not merely a way but almost the only way of learning anything about either man or the universe in which he lives. Authority was gone; transcendental intuition was, so far

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 364

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 364 will be found in the next issue.

CFOKATBNOR WD G

BKANM RW CGH

RTN EMGDRA WD TKA

TNKM KO TKA

RWBL —TGXRTWMON.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 363

An art is a handicraft in flower.
G. Iles.—JOTTINGS.

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as he was concerned, going. Nothing remained except the possibility of looking about him and of drawing what conclusions one could.

In so far as the "feeling for nature" has undergone any important development since Thoreau's time that development has come about through the influence of a science which was in its infancy when Thoreau came to his early death. The evolutionists had stressed the gross mechanical parallels between the human body and the animal. Since then the biochemists have investigated the fundamental stuff of those bodies and discovered in protoplasm the chemical basis for the unity of all living things. They have pushed their search into the secrets of life until they have discovered its ultimate material embodiment in the colloid jelly which is in

1950 Nature Books

MARIN FLORA: Manual of The Flowering Plants and Ferns of Marin County, California. By John Thomas Howell. Berkeley: University of California Press. $4.50.

ROCK PLANTS. By Arlette Davids. Translated from the French by S. P. Shipwith. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50.

TULIPS, HYACINTHS, NARCISSI . . . By Arlette Davids, Text by Princess Bibesco. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50.

FOREVER THE LAND: A County Chronicle and Theology. Edited by Russell and Kate Lord. New York: Harper & Bros. $5.

MY FAVORITE STORIES OF THE GREAT OUTDOORS: Nature Lover's Treasury. Edited by Roy Chapman Andrews. New York: Greystone Press. $2.98.

THE COMPLETE GUIDE TO NORTH AMERICAN TREES. By Carlton Clarence Curtis and Sydney Charles Bauser. New York: Permabooks. 95¢.

FOOTNOTES ON NATURE. By John Kieran. Garden City, L. I.: Garden City Publishing Co. $1.49.

MAINE BIRDS. By Ralph Simon Palmer, Museum of Comparative Zoology. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $5.

THE SANDHILL CRANES. By Lawrence H. Walkinshaw. Bloomfield Hills, Mich.: Cranbrook Institute of Science. $3.50.

FROGS AND TOADS. By Herbert Spencer Zim. New York: William Morrow & Co. $2.

HOW TO KNOW THE WILD FLOWERS. By Alfred Steffernd. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2. *New York: New American Library.* 35¢.

A POCKET BOOK OF BRITISH INSECTS. By George E. Hyde. New York: Transatlantic Arts. $1.80.

FLOWERS IN THE FIELD. By the Rev. Charles Alexander Johns. Revised by R. A. Blakelock. New York: Transatlantic Arts. $4.

AUDUBON'S BIRDS OF AMERICA. By John James Audubon. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.95.

THE MAINE WOODS. By Henry David Thoreau. New York: W. W. Norton Co. $3.

FLOWERS IN COLOR. By J. F. Dix and Walter Roozen. Garden City, L. I.: Garden City Publishing Co. $3.95.

THE STANDARD ILLUSTRATED NATURE ENCYCLOPEDIA. Edited by C. Clyde Fisher. Garden City, L. I.: Garden City Publishing Co. $3.95.

THE SHELL COLLECTOR'S HANDBOOK. By A. Hyatt Verrill. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.

BOTANY FOR GARDENERS. By R. P. Faulkner. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

THE NATURE OF NATURAL HISTORY. By Morston Bates. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

BEGINNER'S GUIDE TO FRESHWATER LIFE. By Leon A. Hausman. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

FIELD BOOK OF NATURE ACTIVITIES. By William Hillcourt. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.95.

BIRDS OF THE WEST. By Ernest S. Booth. Stanford, Calif.: Stanford University Press. $4.50.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF SELBORNE. By Gilbert White. New York: E. P. Dutton Co. 95¢.

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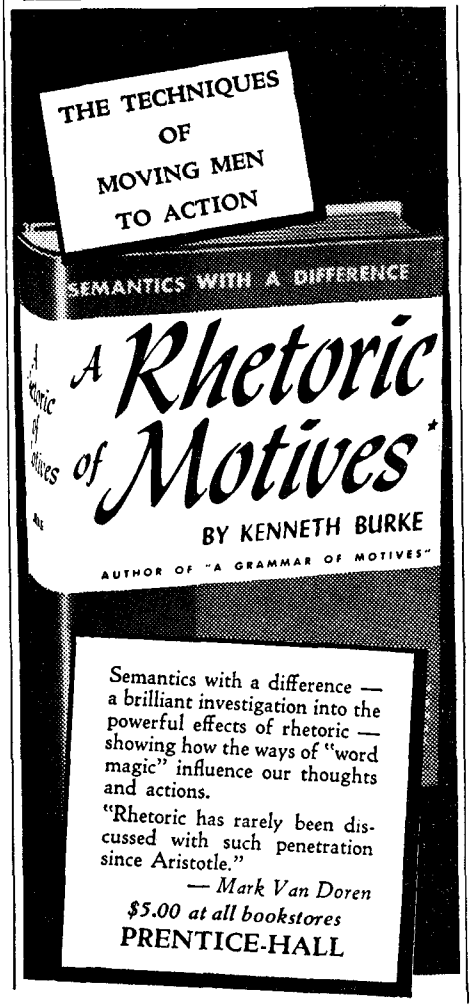
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itself the same, whether it be organized into an amoeba or a man. And that fact would, I suspect, have interested Thoreau more than the theory of evolution, partly because it makes all living things not merely related by remote descent but still essentially one. Here, if you like, is the physical manifestation of the bond which he felt between himself and all other creatures, the physical aspect of that sense of kinship which made it possible to have "little fishy friends" in Walden pond. The fellowship he felt was the fellowship defined by protoplasm itself, which is the chemical embodiment of the world soul or, if one prefers, that aspect of the Great God Pan which can be perceived in a test tube.

Much "nature writing" today reflects more or less definitely this sense of identity, material as well as spiritual, with the fellow creatures which it studies and describes. It implies if it does not state a kind of pantheism in which the symbol of the unity of all living things is not an elusive spirit but a definable material thing. Yet this definable material thing is also a symbol and being such does not necessarily imply any thoroughgoing materialistic philosophy. It implies merely that Life itself rather than something still more mysterious called the "cause of life" is the bond between fellow creatures.

This article is from the introduction to "Great American Nature Writing" selected by Joseph Wood Krutch, which William Sloane Associates will publish in October.

Of Plants and People

GARDENER'S TRIBUTE. By Richardson Wright. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 256 *pp.* $3.50.

By Norman Taylor

SCHOLARSHIP and taste are so rare among garden writers that one looks at most of the offerings with faint hope or, more likely, with complete disillusion. But the author of this newest of a long series of garden books is perhaps the chief exponent of an art that should be scholarly and may be delightful.

The present volume is both. One suspects it is chiefly the residue left over from the author's "Story of Gardening"—which is still the best one-volume history of that subject. Taste and scholarship have fashioned from these chips a series of essays that should be on every gardener's table.

It is with the past, and generally an unknown one, that "Gardener's Tribute" is chiefly concerned. And a less urbane and scholarly historian could easily have made the life and times of explorers, gardeners, and botanists pretty dull reading. But the author has highlighted some of the most interesting bits of garden lore in a style that no other garden writer possesses.

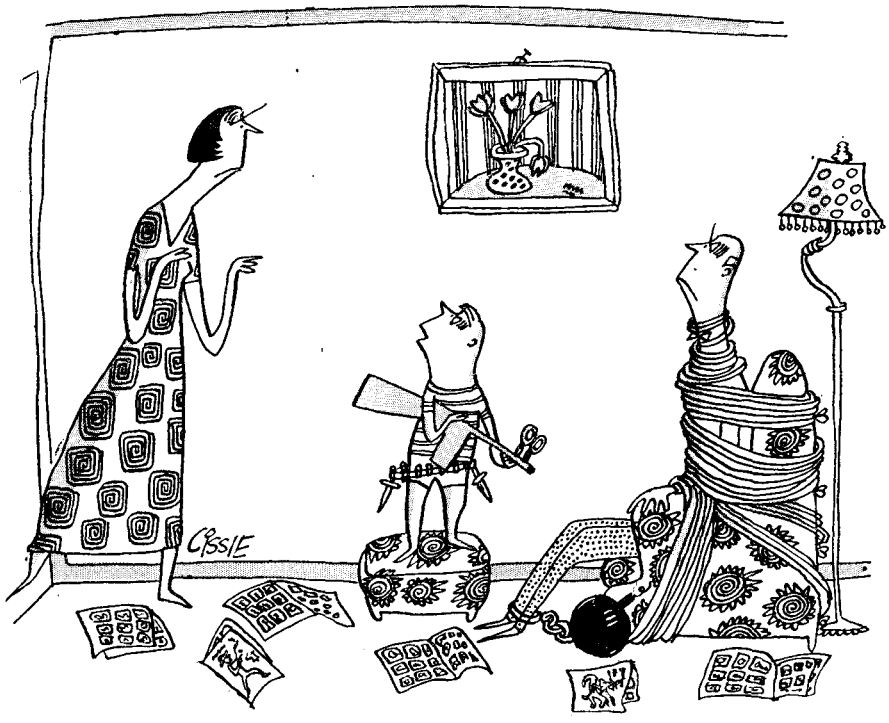
Richardson Wright professes to no erudition but the book bristles with it. Where else find such a delightful account of Lionel Wafer, first a "doctor," then a pirate, and finally a botanist. Born a Quaker, he did not believe in fighting but spent his time healing wounded buccaneers and writing some of the earliest accounts of the coconut tobacco, the silk cotton tree, and many other plants known to tropical gardeners. One of his successors, a Dr. Thomas Dover of Bristol, shipped as surgeon with another piratical expedition. He became famous as the inventor of Dover's Powder—still used in medicine—and the rescuer of Alexander Selkirk from Juan Fernandez, which touched off Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe."

Such a delightful delving into the past also turns up some pertinent data on such subjects as old garden editors and their magazines, stretching from the English William Curtis, 1787, to our own and much revered Liberty Hyde Bailey, who still flourishes at ninety-two; the history of the elusive Harison's Rose; William Forsyth, who brought from China the yellow-flowered shrub known as forsythia, and the fascinating account of Dr. George R. Hall of New England, who also went to China and Japan and brought back many Asiatic plants then little known in America, among them a variegated ginkgo.

The chapter on Josephine, the ill-starred wife of Napoleon, revolves around her planning and making of the gardens at Malmaison, for which the world was combed for plants and landscape architects. Mr. Wright similarly sought out old books and accounts of people who have left imperishable records in every garden and greenhouse. One of them is Guillaume Rondelet, of Montpellier, born in 1507, and primarily an ichthyologist. His botanical disciples were in the forefront of the renaissance that was burgeoning in science, and for one of them, Matthias de l'Obel, lobelia was named, while Rondelet is remembered by rondeletia, a group of tropical American shrubs and trees still planted for ornament.

"Gardener's Tribute" is faintly nostalgic but it is the nostalgia of taste and erudition with, Heaven be praised, no smirch of the pedantic. The author admits it is a valedictory on thirty years of Connecticut gardening and nearly as many as editor of *House and Garden*. In 1914 he was appointed editor of that journal, "for no reason at all," according to him. This book and his many earlier ones are the best refutation of that fallacy.

Norman Taylor is the editor of Taylor's "Encyclopedia of Gardening" and author of the recently issued "Flight from Reality."



"He tried to take away my terror comics, so I strangled him with a kerosene-soaked rope, attached a time bomb, and now I'm going to set it off with my atomic-ray gun."

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Nature Notes

THE AWL-BIRDS, by J. K. Stanford. Devin-Adair, New York. $2. After more than a century the avocet, a lovely long-legged shorebird, returned one recent spring to breed in the British Isles. Specifically, three pairs of these "awl-birds" flew in to nest once more on the estuaries of the East Coast of England, from which the depredations of hunters and egg collectors had driven their forebears. The news was too wonderful to be made public, for hunters and egg collectors persist in England.

Derick Gloyne, home from the war, bought Bledgrave Hall because he wanted a place in which he could be quiet, watch birds, and recover his soul. It was on the Bledgrave Marches that he made the discovery of the grace which had come back to England. Percy Warler heard of it, too, but his interest was to add avocets' eggs to the more than 67,000 eggs in his collection. Re-extirpation of the avocets would not lessen the triumph.

Mr. Stanford's brief story of Derick's efforts to protect the avocets is a thriller, and although it is fiction, it is based on fact. The pen-and-ink drawings by A. M. Hughes are lovely in themselves. —LOUIS M. HALLE, JR.

A HISTORY OF HORTICULTURE IN AMERICA TO 1860, *by U. P. Herrick. Oxford University Press.* $7.50. People are occasionally startled to learn that the gardenia was christened for a man named Garden; they will perhaps be equally startled to be told that the Rhode Island Greening got its name from a Rhode Island tavern-keeper named Green. Between 1820 and 1870 the pear was the most popular fruit in the orchards of American gentlemen farmers. One of the most serious Indian massacres to afflict New Amsterdam (1655) grew out of a quarrel involving jurisdiction over a peach orchard. As early as 1630 a New England divine noted the excellence of the local "pompions, cowcumbers, carrance, filberds." Diseases to which fruit trees were liable in early colonial days were "meazles" and "louziness," the latter caused by the activities of the woodpecker. The cure was to bore a hole in the main root, fill the hole with brandy or rum, and plug it "with a pin made of the same tree." Both George Washington and Thomas Jefferson grew tomatoes, probably just for fun; Mr. Herrick thinks, though, that "almost without doubt, the scientific curiosity of both led them to taste so alluring a product." His pages are a delightful blend of antiquarianism and practicality, with several clusters of good pictures.

—J. T. W.

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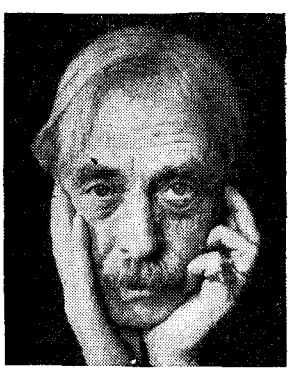

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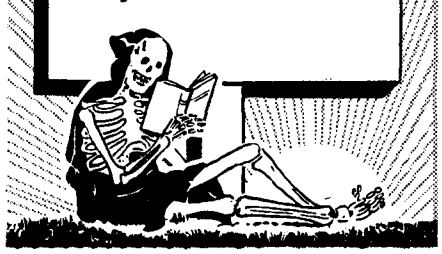
Rocky Rockwell, city editor, finds himself suspect #1 in the murder of a visiting English lecturer . . . with only that outspoken society editor, Mrs. Pickett, to help him find the real culprit.



form to that central doctrine of his school of interpreters of the English, the notion that the English have a strange gift of thinking without their central nervous systems, without benefit—and damnation—of logic.

At least for some temperaments, the reading of history affords always some consolations. We can learn how much intolerable to the human race our race has nonetheless managed to survive. Professor Willcox writes succinctly of Titus Oates:

> The "revelations" of his inventive brain convinced the timorous and credulous that the Jesuits intended to burn London, raise the Irish in revolt, murder the King, and impose their faith on Britain with the help of French bayonets. Oates was firing his arrows of suspicion almost at random. . . . These developments upset even the level-headed, and touched off a witch-hunt for Jesuits and recusants.

End Product, Hitler

THE GERMAN CATASTROPHE: Reflections and Recollections, by Friedrich Meinecke. Translated by Sidney B. Fay. Harvard University Press. $3. The octogenarian dean of German historians, Friedrich Meinecke, asks:

> Will one ever fully understand the monstrous experiences which fell to our lot in the twelve years of the Third Reich? . . . Who is able to explain completely how it all fits together and how it was interwoven with deeper causes; how the boundless illusions to which so many succumbed in the first years of the Third Reich necessarily changed into boundless disillusionment and collapse in the final years?

His book attempts the preliminary answers — answers that comprehend the "deeper causes of the frightful catastrophe," and answers that might suggest a way out. They are neither startlingly new nor, from the non-German viewpoint, particularly appealing. He finds them in a more or less progressive degeneration of things Germanic ever since the "golden age" of Goethe and German classical liberalism. Degeneration, he seems to say, took the form of a double dialectical distortion of historical forces and ethical beliefs. In the atmosphere of Germany the worst elements of bourgeois nationalism and proletarian Socialism, the two great forces of the nineteenth century, achieved dominance over whatever good was inherent in each ideal. So, too, with ethical beliefs; the supra-powerful and mechanistic state over-rode completely the spirit of individualism and humanity. The end product was Hitler but it took a century to create him.

Professor Meinecke believes (perhaps more out of faith than reason) that there remains a spark of the old classical liberalism that might be brought to flame by a common Christian religious revival and an exaltation of "spiritual culture" over political desires and economic needs.

—PETER R. LEVIN.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

FONTEGO'S FOLLY *Andrew Garve* (Harper: $2.50)	Discovery of graft and bribery on English colonial island leads to double murder. Sup. Jarvis plus Act of God settle case.	Exotic semitropical (West Indian?) scene, bizarre and tragic characters, excellent writing, give "suspense novel" more than ordinary stature.	Unusual
THE CASE OF THE MUSICAL COW *Erle Stanley Gardner* (Morrow: $2.50)	Swiss cowbells and similar receptacles entangle returning tourist in dope-murder web, from which state police untangle him.	Addicts may miss P. Mason but sleuthing honors of exciting tale are well carried by bright newcomers.	Good
MISCHIEF *Charlotte Armstrong* (Coward-McCann: $2.50)	Babysitter endangers several lives before her oddities catch up with her.	High suspense, well-portrayed people, and racing tempo.	Hair-raising
SHELL GAME *Richard Powell* (Simon & Schuster: $2.50)	Vacationing N. Y. ad-man encounters Florida corpse, pretty girl, dogged policeman, and plenty trouble.	Action slightly creaky but blithe humor makes up for all such shortcomings.	Worth while

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	*Recording Technique, Surface* ENGINEERING	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
MODERN—MELLIFLUOUS		
RIETI: PARTITA. Sylvia Marlowe, harpsichord; Julius Baker, flute; Mitchell Miller, oboe; Kroll Quartet. Mercury LP: MG 10012 (½)	(Reverse is LP reissue of De Falla Harps. Concerto with Kirkpatrick.) Smooth, well balanced, a bit dull colored. Harpsichord properly small—not too small.	Smoothly Italianate, ingratiatingly humorous writing, skilfully contrapuntal, with fine color. Easy listening in this expert performance.
MILHAUD: CONCERTINO DE PRINTEMPS; VIOLIN CONCERTO #2. Louis Kaufman, violin; French Nat. Radio Orch., Milhaud. Capitol LP: P 8071	A nicely clean and clear recording with fine effect of close solo instruments in big space-perspective.	"Printemps" is a charmingly pastoral bit of petite fluff, wonderfully written for burbling, purling solo instruments. The Concerto is bigger, in squarish, solid, large-Milhaud manner. Bit long-winded.
BARTÓK: SUITE #2 FOR ORCHESTRA, OP. 4. (1907). Concert Hall Symphony, Swoboda. Concert Hall Lim. Ed. LP: D4	A lovely warm, shiny recording, sharp highs, wonderful solo sounds, good over-all liveness. Tops. (And the performance is tops, too.)	An absolutely lavish romantic early work — Brahms-Dvorak, with plenty of Strauss, Wagner, even Debussy! Easily shows the coming power of later Bartók. Never heavy, beautifully orchestrated. Most interesting, if hardly great.
BLOCH, SCHELOMO. Zara Nelsova, cello; London Philharmonic, Bloch. London LP: LPS 138 (10")	This brings out all of the edge and color in the oriental-slanted score! Beautiful balance, cello rather subdued.	A modern recording of a favorite neo-romantic work, full of sobbing Hebrew-oriental mystical touches.
MODERN—MODERATELY MELLIFLUOUS		
BARTÓK: 44 VIOLIN DUETS. Victor Aitay, Michael Kuttner. Period LP: SPLP 506 (2 LP)	An excellent job of giving fulness and breadth to the two unaccompanied violins —never sounds thin or harmonically insufficient. Highs modestly flat, little pre-emphasis.	A monumental collection on two LPs—but these are lovely and melodious little pieces, folklike, childlike, their simplicity in reality a tour de force, for this is tremendous music.
SCHOENBERG: KAMMERSYMPHONIE, OP. 9 (1906). Concerts Pas de Loup, Dervaux. Dial LP: 2	Excellent modern recording, done in France, of small-group, radio-style orchestra.	Highly original in 1906, this characteristically tortured-romantic music seems full of conventionalities à la film music of today; over-long, pretentious.
HINDEMITH: SONATA IN D, OP. 11, #2. COPLAND: SONATA 1943. Fredell Lack, violin; Leonid Hambro, pf. Allegro LP: AL 33	Excellent recording; a shade too much emphasis on the violin, good piano tone but a bit dullish. The H. is technically better than early Concert Hall Lim. Ed. 78s of the music. (And the performance here is better, too.)	The Hindemith is one of those almost Brahmsian works; fine, easily absorbed themes; solid, good humored, traditional counterpoint on semi-dissonant basis. The Copland, triadically dissonant, has much of his appealing quiet dignity. A nice coupling.
BARTÓK: FOLK SONGS OF HUNGARY. (Set by Bartók and Kodaly.) Leslie Chabay, tenor; Tibor Kozma, pf. Bartók LP: BRS 004	Peter Bartók has found a more resonant place to make his super-hi-fi recordings—this has good liveness (bit too much room sound), the best LP piano I've heard yet, sharply tailored voice. A fine job.	A similar collection, for voice, of actual folk songs set by the two masters in semi-modern idiom. Chabay's fabulous musicianship, enthusiastic personality make these triumphantly effective, super-masculine. —EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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THE GREEN BOUGH. By Ann Ritner. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 255 pp. $2.75.

THIS chronicle of the Goodell family is laid in a small town in Pennsylvania in the early part of the twentieth century. It is the story of the "ups and downs" of middle-class family life, with special emphasis on Ella May, the pretty sister, and her love affair with the boy next door, who shocked the neighbors with his "wild" ways. Lizzie, the oldest daughter, is a teacher—clever, resentful of family authority, and badly adjusted. Anne is married. There is an older brother and two little children, who, during the course of the story, acquire a stepmother. Sophie, who is the family "imp," accepts her at once but Lizzie resents her bitterly.

The emotions of the various members of the family, their reactions to the situation, are brought out with honesty and understanding. Under the strain of her feeling for the tempestuous Walter, Ella May matures naturally, sticking to Walter through thick and thin and winning him completely in the end. Mr. Goodell is a very well-drawn picture of a kind but rather weak man trying to control a large and sometimes complicated family. One could wish that Miss Ritner had set her scene as of today. The problems might be different but her understanding of youth and her sincerity would make a family tale of 1950 a rather revealing record.

SHIPMATES DOWN UNDER. By Dale Collins. Illustrated by Rafaello Busoni. New York: Holiday House. 188 pp. $2.25.

This is an Australian writer's story for younger boys and girls of a sea adventure. Peter and Paul, twins, have a cousin Carl, called Torchy because of his red hair. Torchy buys a yacht, a model of Captain Cook's ship—*The Endeavor*—from a film company which had built it for a moving picture. With the twins, a crew of eight men, and Captain Marshall, the navigator, Torchy sails to the Great Barrier Reef. Their adventures in these little-known waters are romantic and exciting. They are cast away on an uninhabited island, the ship is wrecked in a storm, and they find a buried treasure. The twins take everything calmly, reveling in the beauty of the islands, the strange birds and beasts and fish, and the final thrilling adventure of the lost gold. Their adventure is very attractive-looking, with good illustrations and an excellent format.

MR. MUSHROOM. By Louis Slobodkin. New York: The Macmillan Co. No paging. $1.25.

IN the children's rooms of the public libraries the younger boys and girls come to the desk in the reading room to get a "little book." Little books are kept in the desk drawers rather than on the shelves. This "Mr. Mushroom" of Louis Slobodkin's is destined to join "Peter Rabbit" and "Little Black Sambo" in the little-book drawer. Mr. Mushroom's story is told by the question-and-answer method. "Mr. Mushroom lived under . . . Where do you think?" Then you turn the page and find out that it was under a mushroom. His book is bound in pale blue and has rose-colored endpapers. It is very attractive, especially the drawing where the Mushroom family is eating marshmallows.

HI, MISTER ROBIN! By Alvin Tresselt. Pictures by Roger Duvoisin. New York: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. No paging. $2.

It is a very cheerful and optimistic robin who tells the little boy that spring is on the way. The little boy, like most of us this year when April and May failed to bring us spring, is tired of winter coats and overshoes. The first four pages of Roger Duvoisin's drawings show the earth white with snow. Then spring, rather reluctantly, appears with a tiny white crocus in the greening grass and a branch of pussywillow. From that point on the pictures are alive with the awakening earth. There are six full-page and five double-page drawings in color to illustrate for little children this story of the little boy and the robin.

SAWDUST IN HIS SHOES. By Eloise Jarvis McGraw. New York: Coward-McCann. 247 pp. $2.50.

THIS is an unusual story of a boy who represented the third generation of a circus family. Joe Lang was a bareback rider who loved horses and had been trained from babyhood to ride them without a saddle. His father, a lion tamer, was killed when Joe was fifteen. Mo Shapley, a clown who loved Joe, wanted to keep him with the circus, but the authorities sent him to a State Industrial School. Joe, of course, ran away as soon as he possibly could and sheer luck brought him to the home of a farming family. Pop and Mom Dawson liked Joe and saw that he

—From "Shipmates Down Under."

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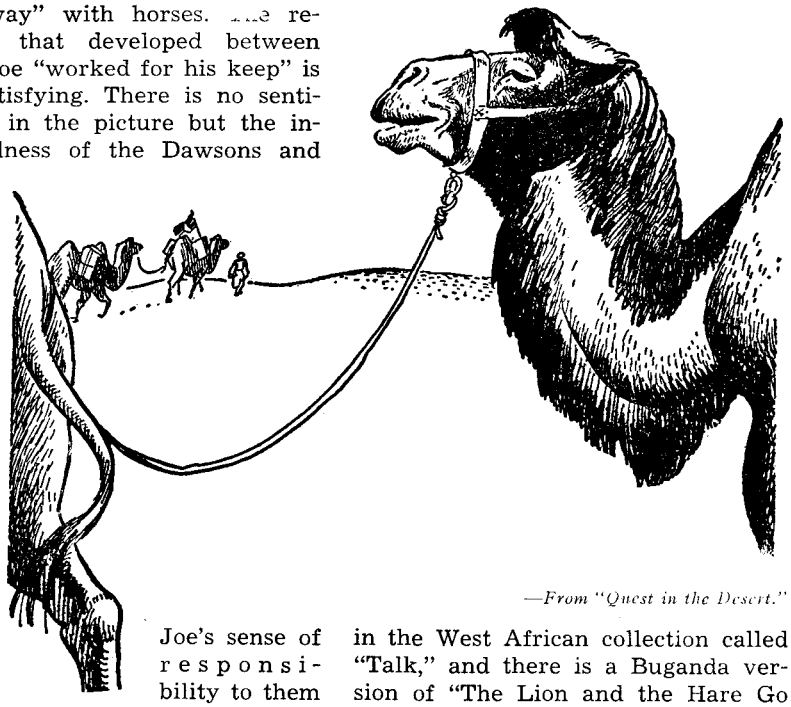
"had a way" with horses. The relationship that developed between them as Joe "worked for his keep" is deeply satisfying. There is no sentimentality in the picture but the innate goodness of the Dawsons and Joe's sense of responsibility to them make good reading. In the end Mo turns up and Joe goes back to the circus. We leave him, dressed in the Bronze Horseman suit that Mom Dawson made for him, bowing to the applause of a crowded arena, a member of The Greatest Show on Earth with Mo there to beam on him. Years ago it was Toby Tyler's story that stirred young circus fans. Today it is Joe Lang who gives them the authentic thrill of life under the Big Top.



—*From "Quest in the Desert."*

THE FIRE ON THE MOUNTAIN AND OTHER ETHIOPIAN STORIES. By Harold Courlander and Wolf Leslau. Illustrated by Robert W. Kane. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 141 *pp.* $3.

HAROLD COURLANDER'S skill in presenting little-known folk tales was proven in his "Uncle Bouqui" stories from Haiti and in the West African tales that he collected and translated with George Herzog. These have the same distinction, the same humor and authenticity. They are, as far as we know, the first Ethiopian stories to be given to American children. Some of them are variants but they all have the same atmosphere. "The Contrary Woman" is told in Czechoslovakia as "Mary, Mary, So Contrary." The story called "The Hero of Adi Nifas" is a variant of "The Wise Men of Gotham." It, too, is very like "The Twelve Sillies" and some of the tales told by the foolish man of Helm. "The Marriage of the Mouse" can be found in the Sanskrit "Panchatantra," and there is a variant in Persia called "Hafiz the Stone-cutter." "Tecle's Goat" is not unlike that exceedingly clever story in the West African collection called "Talk," and there is a Buganda version of "The Lion and the Hare Go Hunting." All of them have the quality of a very old tale, told for a very good reason and passed on from generation to generation. They are all a delight to read or to tell, and the format and illustration of the book suit them perfectly. It is an invaluable addition to the folklore of the world.

THE WIND BLOWS FREE. By Charles G. Wilson. Illustrated by Rafaello Busoni. New York: Ives Washburn. 199 *pp.* $2.50.

This is an adventure story that tells of a young English boy in the days of the American Revolutionary War. His adventures take him from England to America, then to Holland, to Paris, and back to England as a prisoner of war. He is finally rescued by John Paul Jones and restored to his family, now settled in Philadelphia.

QUEST IN THE DESERT. By Roy Chapman Andrews. Illustrated by Kurt Wiese. New York: The Viking Press. 192 *pp.* $2.50.

Only actual experience could make this story of Jack Benton, the leader of an American expedition into the Gobi Desert, so vivid and so convincing. The details alone make the book worth reading; the Mongolian people, the animals, the strange, wild look of the country itself, the curious customs and beliefs are in themselves a fascinating record. But there is plenty of action, too. There is the battle with the hostile tribes, the terrible invasion of the pit-vipers, the discovery of the ancient tomb deep in a limestone cave. There is the compelling personality of the young Ulan Khan and the beginning of a lifelong friendship between him and Jack Benton. All through the story runs the theme of Jack's dog, Wolf, and his effect upon the Mongolian people. This is an adventure story of the best kind, based on knowledge and experience.

—MARY GOULD DAVIS.

CHEE AND HIS PONY: The Story of a Navaho Boy. By Florence Hayes. Illustrated by William Moyers. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 262 *pp.* $2.50.

CHEE had spent two years at "the white man's school." He had ceased to think it was strange to sleep on a bed, to eat at a table, to speak the white man's tongue, to be taught by women, even to help with the work around the school. But on the last day before the summer vacation his grandparents came to visit and to take him home, and Chee saw the school once more through Navaho eyes. He had enjoyed the school.

Back at his own hogan Chee found that things had changed. His grandfather had been obliged to give the medicine man many of his sheep. There would be no pony for Chee until he could earn one. So Chee learned to make silver jewelry. He and a younger boy, took the sheep to summer camp, built their own hogan, and took over full responsibility for the flock. He learned self-reliance and how to evaluate the knowledge of the white man and the ancient wisdom of his people. At the end of the summer the sheep had never looked fatter or better cared for, and not one had been lost to the coyotes. Chee's grandfather realized that the white-man's school had not spoiled Chee or made him heedless of the Navaho ways.

Here is a good story and an interesting picture of Navaho life. The people and their relationships are warm and alive. Even the conservative old grandmother is delightfully real and understandable. The illustrations have atmosphere. They interpret the spirit of the story.

—RUTH HILL VIGUERS.

—*From "Sawdust in His Shoes."*

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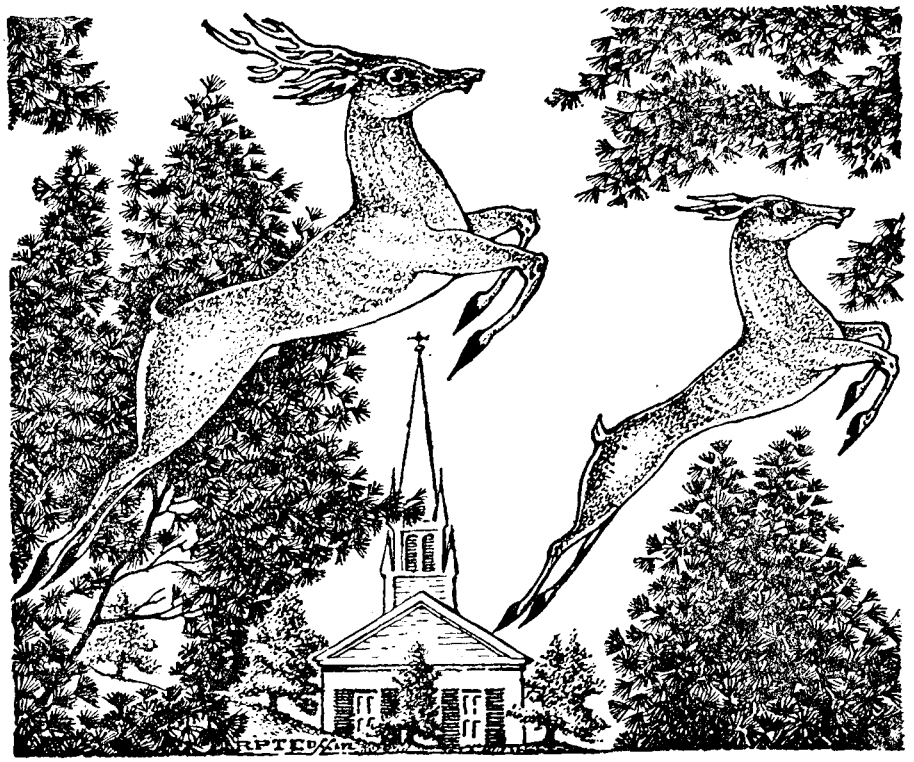
whom Coffin père surrounded himself —being, as his son explains, cut out for a mead-hall and a good handful of retainers. Sometimes it was quite a chore to find enough work for three or four hired men to do on a pocket-handkerchief farm, but the sons of the house could always find innumerable uses for this favored class, who ranked even higher than uncles in some things. This is one of the best chapters in the book, for the hired man is becoming a Vanishing American and really deserves to be immortalized.

In the last two essays, "Cradle of Democracy" and "Maine—State of Being Oneself," Dr. Coffin shows his good faith by admitting the faults, sins, and skeletons of his beloved, but proudly maintains his right to be proud of her virtues.

He has done the decorations himself with a characteristically energetic pen—he says he uses it like a knife—and his enjoyment in putting this book together is transferred magically to the reader. If in the past his frank and joyous lustiness has sometimes seemed a little wearying, perhaps we found it so from a subconscious jealousy of his ability to live with so much gusto in this age, while holding fast to his boyhood.

Any way you look at it, "Maine Doings" is a delightful surprise, and should please even those who are tired of hearing paeans sung to the state of Maine.



—Drawing by Robert P. Tristram Coffin, from "Maine Doings."

Americana Notes

XÁNTUS, HUNGARIAN NATURALIST IN THE PIONEER WEST, by Henry Miller Madden. William P. Wreden, Burlingame, Calif. $6. In the twenty-one volumes of the "Dictionary of American Biography" there is a single entry under the letter X: János Xántus, who was born in Hungary in 1825 and died there in 1894. His ancestors, as his name indicates, were Greek. He escaped from the Austrian Army in 1850, came to America, and a few years later enlisted in the United States Army, serving on the West Coast. He conducted numerous scientific investigations, particularly in the field of ornithology, and wrote accounts of his adventures for home consumption.

János Xántus "put the natural history of America permanently in his debt," declares Mr. Miller, who thereupon proceeds to prove beyond peradventure his subject's addiction to plagiarism. His thefts extended even to the graphic arts. He stole a lithograph of the green-corn dance from James H. Simpson's "Report of an Expedition Into the Navajo Country" and called it "Wichita Dance"; he used the same figures in the same poses but dressed them more nattily and gave them fancier feathers. From James W. Abert's "Examination of New Mexico" he lifted a drawing of the pueblo of Santo Domingo, copying it faithfully, but erecting an elaborate housing project on the plateau, smoking chimneys and all. Mr. Madden reproduces these, both originals and copies, and there is no doubt about the looting.

Xántus evidently did not anticipate that the West would not only grow but would come to manifest a lively interest in his works. However, he was a sound scientist as well as an unprincipled rascal and the combination, in Mr. Madden's competent hands, makes good reading.

NASHVILLE, "ATHENS OF THE SOUTH," by Henry McRaven. Published for the Tennessee Book Co. Scheer & Jervis, Chapel Hill. $3.50. Nashville was originally Nashborough but that sounded too British for 1784. Andrew Jackson reached the little settlement four years later bringing the news that nine states had ratified the Federal Constitution and that General Washington stood an excellent chance of becoming first President. Three American Presidents who were not natives of Nashville died in or near it. Nashville was once "the Athens of the West," but the West moved away. The Maxwell House was occupied by both Union and Confederate troops during the Civil War (and Mr. McRaven *says* Civil War) and took something of a beating. The Frazer of Kaiser-Frazer (J.W.) was born in Nashville and Grantland Rice, a Murfreesboro boy, went to school there and broke in on the *Nashville News*.

Mr. McRaven also dispenses some surprisingly minute bits of information, such as the fact that when President and Mrs. McKinley visited Nashville in 1897 to help celebrate Tennessee's first hundred years of statehood, Mrs. McKinley was accompanied by her French maid, Claire.

CLEVELAND: The Making of a City, by William Ganson Rose. World Publishing Co. $6. This book, a social pageant a century and a half long, is a phenomenal production. It contains 1,272 pages and the pages are not skimpy: they run around 600 words apiece. The arrangement is simple but highly effective. Each year in Cleveland's history, from 1796 through 1946, is treated as a unit, and its principal local events are summarized in a running narrative. This inevitably miscellaneous wealth of factual data is synthesized and integrated by means of a 153-page, three-columns-to-the-page index. The index, prepared by Mrs. Lillian C. Brown (who rates and gets proper credit therefor) gives the book admirable cohesion and makes it of far more than parochial value. Under L, for instance,

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in addition to hundreds of individual names, are extensive citations under labor, lake commerce, lawyers, lectures, libraries, lighting, liquor, literary societies, livestock, lodges, lotteries, lumber, Lutherans, among a host of others. Under lighting are thirty-eight specific references; put them together and the result is a capsule history of municipal lighting in America.

The pattern is similar to that adopted in I. N. Phelps Stokes's "Iconography of Manhattan Island," issued between 1915 and 1928 in six volumes, long out of print, and now selling (when available) for $300 or better. The plan is certainly worth the consideration of other communities and the present volume can serve most worthily as a model. It is not inconceivable that Mr. Rose, in setting down three-quarters of a million words, made a mistake now and then, but none is apparent to this non-Clevelander. Mr. Rose certainly passes the supreme test — he spells correctly the name of Robert I. Snajdr, literary editor of the *Plain Dealer*, and so does Mrs. Brown in her noble index. The World Publishing Company, itself a child of Cleveland, has wrought no mean achievement in compacting this stupendous mass of data into a readily usable and handsome volume.

THE JAYHAWKERS' OATH AND OTHER SKETCHES, by William Lewis Manly, selected and edited by Arthur Woodward. Warren E. Lewis, Los Angeles. $6. William Lewis Manly, a Vermonter, went to Ohio with his parents in 1833, when he was twelve years old, and in 1849 set out for California, crossing Death Valley en route. His "Death Valley in '49," resurrected from the files of *The Pioneer* of San Jose, appeared in book form in 1894 and last year was restored to print. The present collection, prepared by the chief curator of history in the Los Angeles County Museum, represents a further gleaning from *The Pioneer*'s files. The editor of *The Pioneer* evidently kept prodding the old-timer for reminiscences. The resulting copy was somewhat miscellaneous but undeniably authentic—Manly's recollections are not in the tall-story class. Mr. Woodward took advantage of his own researches to include other pertinent material which he dug up in the files. The flavor of the period is accented by the use of some forty well-selected illustrations from contemporary sources and there is a six-color reproduction of the folding map of Texas, Oregon, and California by S. Augustus Mitchell (1846).

—J. T. W.

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MALE, whose hobby is sailboating, seeks feminine correspondent similarly interested. Box 648-C.

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NURSE, traveled, international, various interests, invites correspondence with elderly gentleman. Box 695-C.

MATURE WOMAN, urban, adventurous, desires correspondence with older man. Box 721-C.

CULTURED BUSINESS WOMAN invites correspondence with older professional gentleman, medical profession preferred. Box 722-C.

BEAUTIFUL BLUEPOINT SIAMESE KITTENS need homes. $20-$30. NYC, Watkins 4-2664 (6 P.M.)

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YOUNG EXECUTIVE, yatchsman, sometime gay blade, literary dilettante, now seeks adventure via female correspondence. Box 725-C.

LAKESIDE COTTAGE, 5-room, large living room, fireplace, all conveniences. 90 minutes NYC, month, season. Box 726-C.

3 VERSATILE, amused, young schoolmarms need interesting jobs. Any offers? Box 53-K.

COLLEGE CO-ED wishes correspondence with interesting, intelligent males. Box 727-C.

ATTRACTIVE HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATE, aged 20, wants pleasant summer, little pay, in servantless home, anywhere. Likes children. Box 728-C.

MATURE, DISCERNING young bookworm, interested in theatre, sports, outdoors and the intellect, desires correspondence with stimulating woman, similarly interested. Box 729-C.

WHO APPRECIATES ideal vacation companion? Bright female, linguist, anxious switch fashion work to simple pleasures. All suggestions considered. Box 730-C.

INTELLIGENT FEMME, varied interests, invites correspondence from sincere older gentleman. Box 731-C.

RE-LIVE THE CIVIL WAR in panoramic pages of Brady-Miller's "Photographic History of Civil War", 10 huge volumes of actual photographs, text. $59.75. Box 161-D.

COLLEGE SENIOR, intellectual, not stuffy, desires challenging work. Box 768-C.

SUMMER RENTALS—HOUSES . . . for $500. Helen Weldon Hughes, Representative F. J. Carroll, Inc. 3 Ocean Ave., Bayshore, L. I. Bayshore 5540.

YOUNG MAN needs cash desperately, but due to peculiar free-lance-writer hours impossible accept normal part-time job. Anything considered that can be done at odd hours. Washington, D.C. area only. Box 762-C.

MALE, young, vigorous, refined, alone, alergic to life, love, laughter, would hear from lady similarly qualified. Box 763-C.

WILL SHARE midtown apartment with independent gal. June-Sept. 2 charming, big rooms, kitchen, PLUS GARDEN, quiet. Reasonable. Box 764-C.

YOUNG MAN seeks correspondence from refined girls who are music lovers. Box 734-C.

LADY, cultured, European background, seeks correspondence with gentleman, interested in music, literature, sports. Box 735-C.

LYRIC-WRITER, versatile, with ideas, would collaborate composer, popular music experience. Box 736-C.

YOUNG WRITER, single, male, newspaper experience, college education, wishes part-time work. Country, seashore, partly outdoors preferred. Room, board, unnecessary. Box 737-C.

STUDIO APARTMENT, West 60's NYC. Near Central Park West, IRT and IND subways; comfortably furnished, piano, radio, LPR attachment, telephone. July 1-Sept. 15, $175 payable in advance. Kingsbridge 3-5324 (8:00-8:30 A.M.) or TRafalgar 3-0580 (1:00-6:00 P.M.) Box 738-C.

GENTLEMEN AND SCHOLARS! woman in strange city, wishes correspondence with those liking science, philosophy, music, gentle people. Box 739-C.

SMALL DOG BOARDING. Garden, loving care. Reasonable. Manhattan. REgent 7-3802.

ARTIST, male, slightly unconventional, invites letters from ladies. Box 744-C.

YOUNG DOCTOR desires vivacious femme with non-medical interests as correspondent. Box 745-C.

CULTURED, MATURE GENTLEMAN, French background, interesting personality, invites feminine correspondence. Box 746-C.

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INTELLIGENT YOUNG LADY interested literature, travel, chess, music, politics, desires correspondence with intelligent male. Box 756-C.

INFORMAL, quiet, country home in Berkshires has accommodations for 3 guests. Exceptional food. Moderate rates. Transportation to Tanglewood. Box 91, Mill River, Mass.

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OXFORD GENTLEMAN offers services as driver for party touring Europe. Extensive contacts in Europe. French, German, Italian spoken. References. C/o Crawford, U.S. Embassy, London.

VACATIONS

DEUTSCH'S FARM, Canaan, N. Y. Comfort, good food, brook, record library, books. Heart of the Berkshires, near Tanglewood. Adults only. Open all year round.

LANIER-ON-THE-PISCATAQUA, Eliot, Maine. Tranquility, garden, river beach, crafts, $45.

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SUMMER AT BLUEBERRY HILL: 1,000 acre farm Green Mountains, brooks, Lucullan food. Brandon, Vt.

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LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to GRAYMONT. Good food. R.D. 2, Middlebury, Vt.

SUDBURY INN on Lake Hortonia, Sudbury, Vt. provides best in country vacations.

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By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Chinese painter who established basis of criticism in the Far East (5th cent. A.D.; full name).	68 22 19 160 80 129 66
B. Group of literary lives by Samuel Johnson (2 wds.).	180 4 62 112 21 166 159 38 126 88 20 82
C. Russian composer of ultra-modern music (1866-1920).	139 33 171 23 14 183 55
D. "Bleak House" character supposed to caricature Walter Savage Landor.	187 141 101 65 179 153 59 24
E. Mythical land in America, referred to by Milton in "Paradise Lost."	72 84 114 130 10 81 188 91 161 87
F. Dog hero of famous story by Dr. John Brown, 1859.	154 116 97
G. Dynasty of golden age of Chinese poetry and art.	109 168 8 120
H. A Hun defeated in a decisive battle of history, June 451, at Châlons.	9 31 78 96 117 26
I. First French Minister to U.S., 1792.	49 175 86 189 173
J. Gives movement to.	132 45 149 11 150 123 103 113 35
K. American woman left-wing poet (1913-).	30 107 177 76 34 167 121 43
L. Muscular development; strength.	36 64 29 17 102
M. German naturalist, traveler, statesman (1769-1859; chief work, "Kosmos").	136 44 105 111 155 93 25 124
N. Successful novel by George Moore, 1894.	94 18 134 32 163 71 178 110 63 3 144 184
O. Nephew of Daedalus, turned into a partridge by Minerva (Gr. myth.).	182 7 119 52 138 95
P. A notorious Western city in the U.S.	169 104 27 37
Q. Having no force or effect (law).	186 162 142 176 98 47 90
R. The kidney-shaped fruit of *Anacardium occidentale* (2 wds.).	164 118 73 2 60 131 145 172 46
S. Prominent 16th-century family of printers and book dealers.	137 41 5 83 147 51 181 56
T. Irish-born soldier and administrator, father of "Liberator of Chile."	12 6 125 53 28 108 77 57
U. Auxiliary parts; or small parts of a machine.	92 151 42 58 74 122 140 106
V. Relaxed in severity, stiffness, etc.	156 133 40 165 13 135
W. Town in North Poland, formerly in the Free City of Danzig.	148 115 158 170 185 67 50 128
X. Top member of a pillar, etc., on which the weight of an arch rests (arch.).	85 146 70 39 157 79
Y. Concert and opera mezzo-soprano, wife of Russian composer (1891-1943).	16 127 69 152 54 48
Z. Colony on the Delaware taken by the Dutch, 1655	61 143 174 100 1 89 75 99 15

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	1 Z	2 R	3 N	4 B	■	5 S	6 T	7 O	■	8 G	9 H
10 E	11 J	12 T	13 V	■	14 C	15 Z	16 Y	17 L	18 N	■	19 A	20 B	■	21 B	22 A	■
23 C	24 D	■	25 M	26 H	27 P	28 T	29 L	30 K	■	31 H	32 N	33 C	34 K	■	35 J	36 L
37 P	38 B	■	39 X	40 V	41 S	42 U	43 K	44 M	45 J	46 R	47 Q	48 Y	49 I	■	50 W	51 S
52 O	■	53 T	54 Y	55 C	56 S	■	57 T	58 U	59 D	60 R	61 Z	62 B	63 N	64 L	■	65 D
66 A	■	67 W	68 A	69 Y	■	70 X	71 N	72 E	73 R	74 U	75 Z	76 K	77 T	78 H	■	79 X
80 A	81 E	82 B	■	83 S	84 E	■	85 X	86 I	87 E	88 B	89 Z	90 Q	■	91 E	■	92 U
93 M	94 N	95 O	96 H	97 F	98 Q	99 Z	■	100 Z	101 D	102 L	103 J	104 P	105 M	■	106 U	107 K
108 T	109 G	110 N	111 M	112 B	113 J	■	114 E	115 W	■	116 F	■	117 H	118 R	119 O	120 G	121 K
■	122 U	123 J	124 M	125 T	126 B	127 Y	■	128 W	129 A	130 E	■	131 R	132 J	133 V	134 N	■
135 V	136 M	137 S	138 O	139 C	■	140 U	141 D	142 Q	143 Z	144 N	145 R	146 X	147 S	148 W	149 J	■
150 J	151 U	152 Y	153 D	154 F	155 M	156 V	157 X	■	158 W	159 B	160 A	161 E	■	162 Q	163 N	164 R
165 V	166 B	167 K	168 G	169 P	170 W	■	171 C	172 R	173 I	■	174 Z	175 I	176 Q	177 K	■	178 N
179 D	180 B	181 S	■	182 O	183 C	184 N	185 W	186 Q	187 D	188 E	189 I	■	■	■	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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